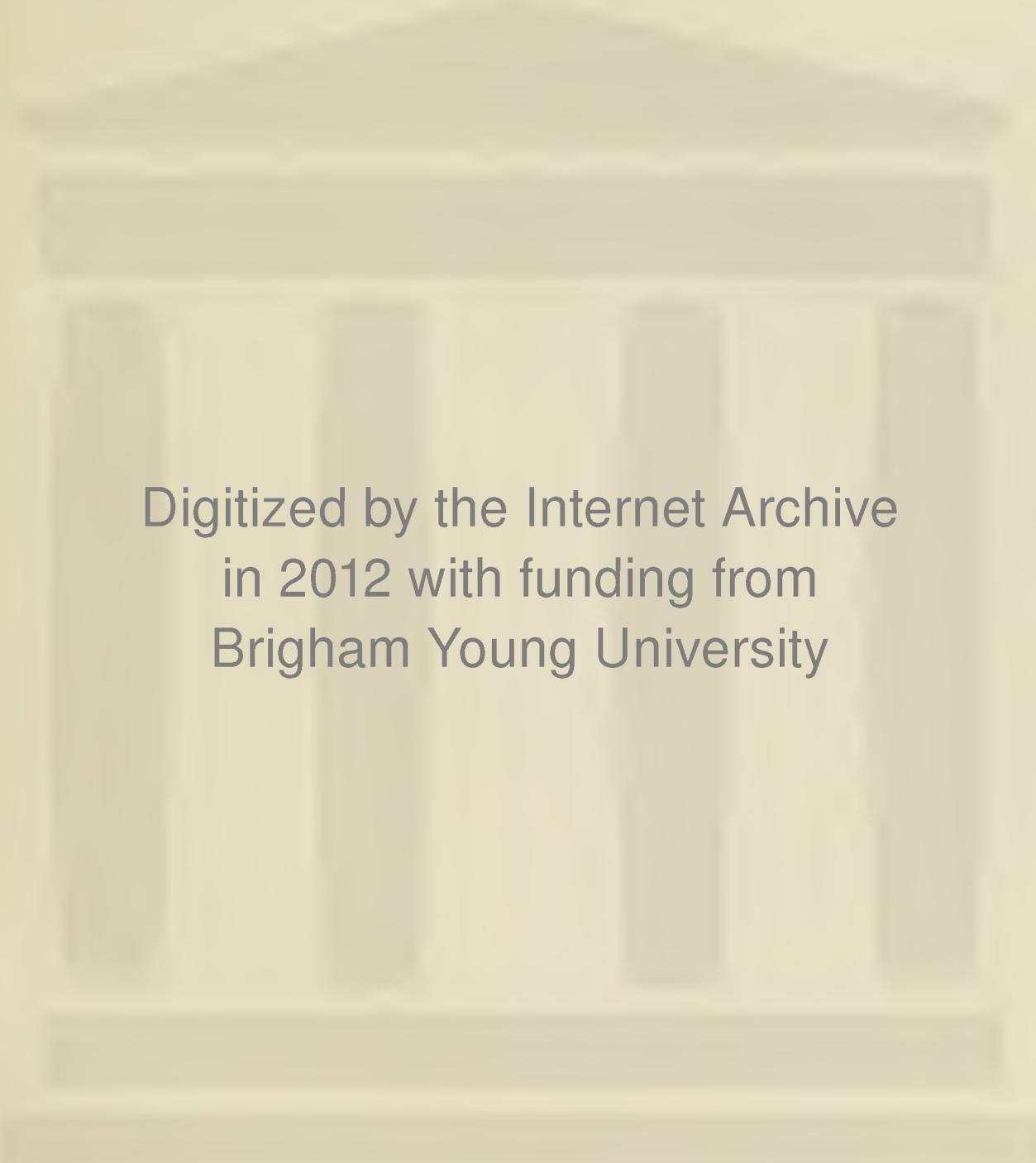




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CHEFS D'ŒUVRE
OF THE
EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE

BY
W WALTON A SAGLIO V CHAMPIER

GEORGE BARRIE & SON
PUBLISHERS
PHILADELPHIA

\$19 00

O. Guilleminet

CHEFS-D'OEUVRE
OF THE
EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE
1900

INDIA-PROOF EDITION

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ERNEST-LOUIS BARRIAS

NATURE UNVEILING

Life-size Statue of Tinted Marble, Onyx, and Gold

ETCHED IN FOUR PLATES BY AUGUSTE-G. THÉVENIN

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Vol. 2

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, 1900

THE
CHEFS-D'OEUVRE

APPLIED ART, BY V. CHAMPIER; CENTENNIAL AND RETROSPECTIVE, BY A. SAGLIO

ART AND ARCHITECTURE, BY W. WALTON



VOLUME II

PHILADELPHIA
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THE ART OF FRANCE



GASTON SCHNEGG. SAINT CECILIA
SCULPTURE IN WOOD. LOANED BY M. H. MARCEL

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ALFRED-PHILIPPE ROLL

THE CZAR LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF
THE PONT ALEXANDRE III

Loaned by the State

PHOTOGRAVURE



GUSTAVE COURTOIS. LOVE AT THE FEAST.

CONTEMPORARY ART OF FRANCE

In the galleries of the department of sculpture of the Museum of the Louvre may be to-day traced, by the aid of carefully selected representative examples, the development of this art of the statuary in France from the earliest times. The inception and inauguration of this admirable scheme was very largely the work of one of the most valuable and most regretted of the directors of the Musée, M. Louis Courajod, the director of instruction in the Ecole du Louvre. By his intelligent research and

untiring energy, he succeeded in establishing this collection, already rich with a number of the finest pieces of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, and which was not only by him continued down through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but also, later, thanks to the transfer of the galleries devoted to the department of chalcography to those opening on the Cour Lefuel, was further extended to take in a portion of the tremendous development of the modern art. The work of M. Courajod was continued by M. André Michel, and at the present day the visitor, bedazzled by the extraordinary display of the work of the contemporary sculptors in the halls of the Universal Exposition, on the buildings, in the streets of the capital, everywhere, may seek in these ancient and quiet galleries with their discreet red walls the possible seed and influence from which has sprung this modern outburst which astonishes the nations.

One of the most characteristic of the distinguishing traits of this modern sculpture he will probably not find among the old marbles and stones and bronzes in the Louvre,—an association of æsthetic and sociological ideas, a conception of art which makes it take for its aim and object, its point of view, “Humanity” (which is sufficiently vague), and which proceeds to limit “humanity” to the masses, the poor, the uneducated. We have seen something of this demagogism in art among the painters; and in sculpture, which has been defined as an intellectual art, it would seem to be even more out of place, and is, in fact, somewhat more disastrous. The artist no longer appeals for an appreciation of his work to the nobler aspirations and imaginings, to the more cultured and spiritual; if he have not quite the courage of his new creed, he endeavors to hit a middle course and present something that will interest the peasant and the iron-worker, and that at the same time will not offend the scholar and the man of taste. If he be consistent, he ceases, naturally, to consult the latter two at all. “It is necessary,” says M. Jules Dalou, apropos of his great group of

the *Triomphe de la République* recently inaugurated on the Place de la Nation,—“it is necessary that the workman should know how fine he is in his working costume, and how much he mistakes himself in longing only for the instant in which he can lay down his tools. . . . In the evening, when the man who works with his hands shall be called to march in procession in the midst of a multitude acclaiming simultaneously the Republic and the laboring classes, he will perhaps be better able to discern that the tool is not only a thing of wood and iron, but that it is the real strength of the nation, and that the veritable heart of the nation beats under the coarse canvas blouse.”

Very similar sentiments have inspired a younger sculptor, M. Guillot, whose *Frise du Travail*, so inappropriately placed in the great Persian-Byzantine-Parisienne Porte Monumentale of the Exposition, remains, nevertheless, one of the most striking and important sculptural contributions to the architecture. “For once,” says M. Paul Vitry, “here is to be found an artist who has not disdained to make himself understood, who does not speak a dead language, who knows how to put himself in contact with the popular appreciation and to enounce clearly the thought of all. He has placed himself resolutely face to face with modern life, he has watched the workmen going upon the scaffoldings, he has reproduced their features, their gestures, their costumes, and it is with these elements, all of them drawn from contemporary reality, that he has translated, almost ingenuously, this grand idea of *solidarité*. ”

To carry out logically this method of working *de haut en bas*, constant reference to the capacity of the critic selected is, of course, necessary. Thus we are assured by another exponent of this creed, M. Pascal Fortuny, that Dalou was consistently careful to employ only the simplest personifications and allegories in his great group of the *République*. The intelligent ouvrier who stops to contemplate it on his way to his daily toil in the morning, has no difficulty in discovering its meaning. He

recognizes the Liberty cap (albeit somewhat modified and a trifle more coquettish than usual) on the head of the central figure on the globe on the triumphal car, and readily perceives that here is another personification of the Republic. The fasces of the Roman lictors on which she steadies herself with one hand are also familiar to him; the very natural action of her other arm is described as "a gesture of pacification." The torch brandished by the nude male figure conducting the lions who draw her car, he knows also, that signifies enlightenment, civilization ; the lions are evidently imposing force. Familiar also is the sceptre or hand of Justice on the arm of the matronly figure on the left of the car; in the brawny workman on the right, carrying his hammer, he recognizes himself as the personification of "Labor" (according to this particular adaptation of the word). "If he entertain some slight scepticism with regard to the 'Abundance'" (throwing a rose from her cornucopia, at the rear of the procession), says M. Fortuny, "at least he does not laugh at the flambeau and the book, the chains and the leathern apron." [If this workman be as intelligent as described, the commentator might have enabled him to recognize the République still more by her very precarious perch on this very narrow rolling platform.] "And if you say to him at this moment that the man who composed all that is, like himself, the son of a workman, and that he has immortalized a blacksmith on the pedestal of the monument of Boussingault and that his purest joy as an artist was to erect the monument of Jean Leclaire, house-painter, in the modest square of the Quartier des Epinettes, this passer-by in a blouse and a cap will not be too greatly surprised."

Even when the artistic disadvantages of this conception of a work of art are ignored, there remain certain practical inconveniences. "It is by a robust mechanic, naked to the waist, an iron-worker, with powerful shoulders, that M. Dalou has symbolized Labor," writes Louis de Meurville. "This is a modern conception, which restricts the idea of labor for the profit of manufactures, and the idea of the republic for the benefit

of the workman in the cities. The workingman in the fields is, however, more numerous; he is the base of the national prosperity, and, though we are no longer of the times when Sully said to Henri IV: ‘Ploughing and pasturage are the two nursing breasts of France,’ it is none the less certain that the plough is still and always will be the slow and sure source of the public prosperity. But the peasant has not assisted in the triumph of the Republic; he has even resisted it, and it is indeed the workman of the cities whom it was necessary to bring upon the scene. It would have created some surprise to see in his place, in the heart of Paris, a peasant, some rude Burgundian vintager. Here again, the absolute of the ideal had to yield before the relative.”



TONY ROBERT-FLEURY. A REQUISITION IN THE REIGN OF TERROR.

More than this, you are liable to be brought to reproof, for all your zeal, by some one still more fervent in the faith of this *esprit moderne et démocratique qui s'adresse à tous les esprits*. M. Vitry, summing up the canonical virtues of *his* prophet and exemplar, finishes: "They are unfortunately something still far too rare amongst us where the works the best intentioned, those which pretend to incarnate the great directing ideas of the present hour and respond to the common aspirations of the nation, still present somewhat too many evidences of the Academic machinery, still make the République triumphing on a car drawn by lions which have already served for Alexander and for Louis XIV."

How much finer and prouder than all this truckling is testy Mr. Turner's reply to the lady who protested that she could not see any sunsets like his: "Madame, don't you wish you could!"

One of the most characteristic traits of the contemporary sculpture, one which it shares with the painting but not with the contemporary architecture, it would appear, is the superiority of technique. Concerning this, friend and foe agree, it is most remarkable, the blighting influence of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts has completed its fell work and every French sculptor knows how to model, just as the most distinguished of the foreign statuaries find this technical skill of handiwork so difficult to attain. It may be that this is really regrettable, since it tends to multiply so enormously the output of the deadly commonplace. Less even than merely good technical workmanship in painting does good technique in sculpture appeal to the popular taste; the layman may readily appreciate good color, good atmospheric envelope, a striking resemblance to the natural objects, and not perceive at all the beauty and skill of true and delicate modelling. The completeness of the divorce between this good technique, in both arts, and any distinguishing artistic creative capacity, strikes us so much more forcibly in the art of our own day than of any other, apparently, only because we see so much more of it than of any one preceding era, but it may well be that the general standard

of mere technical execution is higher, thanks to the great increase of general knowledge. As to the amount of the effort made by the French artists of the day to escape the evidences of their own commonplaceness, their conventionality, their *manque de souffle*, it might be said, speaking generally, that it was not very great, all things considered. The painters take refuge in unnecessarily large canvases, in order that they may be seen on the Salon walls; the sculptors all betake themselves to the nude female figure. There is comparatively very little ingenuity displayed in seeking new themes, or even new titles; the old titles are very frequently grotesquely misapplied to their own work, and frequently with a dulness of apprehension, a boorishness, that surprises; if one man invent a new motif, his comrades will borrow it, with feeble variations of rendering; the debt that both painters and sculptors owe to literature is getting to be as important as in England, and the number of works of art that a book like *Salammbô* has given rise to is very great. The revived art of tinting statues, of combining different materials in their construction, of varying the single material and executing the works in wax, in a species of stone very suitable for suggesting the quality of flesh, in plaster colored or bronzed,—all these enable the sculptor to vary his monotony somewhat. But in general he relies merely upon the excellence of his training, executes his statue in the conventional, undistinguishable manner, and hopes for a commission from the State. And, as art appears to have a higher mission than this, as its aim is to render nature and the thoughts of man, not in any such superficial manner, but in conformity with the highest aspirations of which our souls are capable, it would seem that many of these productions, even some of those the most honored officially, are not works of art at all.

Among the many sculptors of France to whom these remarks have no application whatever, one of the most illustrious is the veteran Frémiet—quite worthy to head the list, “unique in several departments of his art, equal in the others to the greatest of his contemporaries,

everywhere original, he has been one of the first to follow, in enlarging it, the path which the genius of Barye had opened to the French school, and, in another, more ancient but long merely conventional, equestrian statuary, he has given it new life." So says M. Gustave Larroumet, of the Institut. In the very great number of his works, large and small, completed in the fifty-seven years of his labors, there is indeed always evidence "of that capacity for renewal and for progress in the continuation of the same production which is the first characteristic of artistic originality." Always, or nearly always, conservative in the matter of the essential sculptural qualities, balance and style of composition, a certain reticence, a certain consideration for masses and for weight and for finish of detail, he ranges through an extraordinarily wide field, by turns mediævalist, classicist, romanticist, realist, and animalist,—with such diversions as mystical, Imperialist, palæolithic, and zoöphagous. And always—or very nearly always, it may be discussed whether his gorilla carrying off a negress, or his orang-outang strangling a savage, be quite admissible—an artist with a style and an ideal. In one of his earlier works, the *Pan et Ours* of the Luxembourg from the Salon of 1867, he has given evidence, once for all, of this singular comprehensiveness,—not only as appealing at once to the clients of MM. Dalou and Guillot and to those of an higher ideality, but, also, among the latter, to both the animalist and the classicist. The former is delighted with the rendering of the uncouth little bear-cubs, and the latter with the Greek science and inspiration which has so very successfully reconstructed the goat-legged young sylvan god. Still more archaically Greek is the statuette in which a centaur of the earliest type—without the horse's body but with only his two forelegs, his ears, his tail, and his mane—strangles a bear. His numerous studies of animals, statues (so to speak), and the little statuettes in bronze, are well known,—one of the earliest, exhibited in 1850, the *Chien blessé*, annoyed at the bandage on his wounded leg, is in the Luxembourg. Among these four-footed

ALBERT-PIERRE DAWANT
THE DEATH OF DU COUËDIC, 1779

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ANTOINE CALBET. THE BATHERS.
LOANED BY THE STATE.

sitters, horses, dogs, and cats are naturally his favorites, but he has also found profitable food for observation among camels, donkeys, gazelles, foxes, sheep, goats, rats and mice, and frequently birds of various descriptions. In the very difficult anatomical compositions of fable, in which the Greek artists excelled, and in which it is necessary to combine close study of nature with the exercise of a well-developed imagination, he has far surpassed his contemporaries, as in the young Pan of the Luxembourg and the rearing sea-horses of the fountain of the Observatoire. When it came to creating such works as the fabulous monsters of the grand stairway of the Château de Pierrefonds, rebuilt by Viollet-le-Duc, it was necessary to combine with these two very dissimilar traits a third,—a strong mediæval sentiment, a species of Gothic inspiration. Hence the impressiveness, the plausibility, of

these strange great beasts,—the wide-eyed pelican with the wings of a griffin and the body of a lizard, the winged bull absorbed in the contemplation of a snail, and the heraldic monster who wears on his eagle's head a cap of linked mail, carries in front of his quadruped's body the powerful talons of a bird, and behind, under a tail spread like a fan, two human feet shod in pointed, spurred shoes!

The mediæval art of Frémiet began with his equestrian statue of *Louis d'Orléans*, for the restored Château de Pierrefonds, but he had already given proof of his historic research in his two mounted figures of a Gaulish chieftain and a Roman soldier, for the Museum of Saint-Germain,—the study of the Gallo-Roman period having received a new impulse under the inspiration of Louis Napoleon. With this statue began the very important series of the sculptor's figures in armor, in which he may be said to have discovered a new decorative motif. His armor is, however, not that of the museums—from the very wide range offered him he has selected only that possessing in the highest degree the qualities desired for a work of sculpture,—a certain simplicity of line that shall accentuate, but never offend too greatly, the lines of the human body it covers. The long pointed mailed shoes and the long surcoat of the Crusader or the wide-sleeved one of the *Saint Georges* he is willing to accept, but none of the many eccentricities presented by these costumes of war. Fortunately for the artists of all times, the armor of the period of Jeanne d'Arc was very handsome and complete, and with a few modifications Frémiet has adopted it for most of his mailed figures, even for the celestial ones, Michael and George. In both these latter, the pattern of that for the legs and feet, it may be noticed, is of the greatest sculptural importance; in the *Saint Michael*, for the same sculptural reasons, he has not hesitated to furnish the heavenly warrior with a foolish little buckler about the size of a pot-lid and to swing his sword at his right hip instead of his left. The heavy bird's-beak vizor of the helmet is always lifted to

ALEXANDRE LUNOIS
SPANISH DANSEUSES DRESSING

Pastel

PHOTOGRAVURE



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show the face, as in the *Saint Georges* and the *Louis d'Orléans*; this armorer's work does not interfere in the least with the necessary symbolism, the archangel's wings and the rayed golden glory of the *Michael* and the ringed halos of the *Saint Georges* and the *Jeanne d'Arc*. All this technical detail is supplemented and inspired by a sureness of taste, an infallible judgment of a sculptor, that attains almost to genius,—if we do not feel the direct breath of the wind from on high swaying about them, the Joan is, nevertheless, one of the most nearly inspired of the many presentations of the Maid that we have, and the two saintly warriors have a serenity and completeness of grace and power that answers very well for the supernatural. The popular appreciation of the statue of Joan, at first confused by the originality of the treatment and the departure from all the conventionalities, has greatly increased since its inauguration in the Place des Pyramides in 1874, and it has given rise to no less than three very important works by the artist's contemporaries, inspired by the same motif. The two replicas set up in Nancy and in Philadelphia differ from the original in some of the details, the most important being in the horse's trappings.

This species of mediæval feeling appears in the *Saint Georges* in the face of the warrior seen under his lifted vizor,—that of a man of mature age, inured to trials, not the round, youthful visage of Raphael and the other painters. In the backward glance of the eyeballs and the flattened ears of his charger may be seen his terror at the uncouth beast over which he rears and which his rider transfixes with the long lance. Of the queer head of this dragon it is related that the sculptor drew his idea from the skinned body of a rabbit which he happened to see one day when passing through his kitchen. In several of his bronze statuettes he repeats these mediæval studies,—Joan in her short peasant's gown lifting her joined hands to her mouth in a naïve gesture of surprise and attention as she hears her "voices;" a very graceful figure in which she is represented kneeling in prayer in her full armor, and another in which

she strides along to victory, carrying her banner and unsheathing her sword; Saint Louis crowned and haloed, carrying his long sceptre in one hand, and in the other a little model of his *Sainte Chapelle*; Saint Cecilia, seated on a high stool, playing on her harp at her side in a stiff mediæval fashion, her music score on a stiff banderole flourishing off into space by her side, and her pointed feet brought together by the necessities of her pose in a fine mediæval pigeon-toed manner. This statuette constitutes one of the most characteristic objets d'art which the sculptor has produced. One of the equestrian statuettes also gives Isabeau de Bavière, that bad queen of the poor Charles VI, riding along proudly on her hackney, sitting sidewise in her great saddle. In the *Aïeul*, the gray-bearded grandfather, in complete armor, carries on his croup behind him his little grandson, also in steel from head to foot, and quite overcome with the weight of his heavy pot-like helmet. In all these minor works, even to the smallest paper-weight of a pussy-cat in the intimacies of her toilette, with one hind foot displayed stiffly in the air, there is to be recognized always a certain distinction, a curious novelty of conception or observation, a touch of humor, or pathos, or grotesqueness, or decorative quality, that gives them far more sculptural importance than many a monumental figure or group.

Among these less famous productions, mention should be made also of a series of little figures executed by the sculptor for Napoleon III, reproducing the principal military types of the Second Empire. These were executed in a manner hitherto reserved for the production of toys, but which Frémiet elevated to the dignity of an artistic process, modelling the figures in clay and then covering them with the powder of cloth. When complete, the little army was kept in a glass case in the Tuileries, but the boy Prince Imperial, with the usual destructiveness of boys, contrived to possess himself of the key one day and to reduce the soldiers to ruins. Restored by the sculptor, they again perished in the conflagration of the palace, with the exception of a few of which he had preserved

the models, and which he has reproduced in bronze. From these military studies may have proceeded the admirable drummer of the Old Guard, beating the charge so furiously on the Raffet monument in the gardens of the Louvre.

From all these not entirely unbeatened paths of sculpture M. Frémiet suddenly turned aside into an entirely original one with which some of his admirers find it difficult to sympathize, and which, it must be said for the credit of the national art, no lesser men have so far tried to follow him. This rather fearsome series of important works began by the *Homme de l'âge de pierre*, very judiciously placed in the Jardin des Plantes,—a naked hunter of the Stone Age dancing along in triumph with the head of a slain bear on his arm, and only less bestial in expression than his fallen foe. After this came the *Dénicheur d'oursons*, in which



FERDINAND-JOSEPH GUELDRY. THE LOCK.

the tables are turned, and the hunter, having strangled the bear-cub, is surprised by the mother animal and broken in two in the middle by her appalling hug; the *Gorille enlevant une femme* is well known by the many reproductions, and the very high reliefs of the man of the Stone Age dragging along the grotesquely resisting bear-cub after having slain the mother, and the orang-outang throttling the negro hunter while the cub looks on in bestial delight, close the series. The Gorilla, on its first appearance, excited much animadversion; it was assailed on all possible grounds, of art, of morals, of taste, of decency, of variance with all known facts, zoologically and ethnographically. After its first exhibition at the Salon, it was placed in the hands of a number of Belgian workmen to transport to the Trocadéro, where it was to be permanently installed, but the next morning the remains of it were found in a vacant lot, broken into so many small pieces that it was impossible to restore it. “It must be admitted that this work is disquieting, and that its beauties are not appreciated until after a sort of complex surprise,” says M. Larroumet. “It excites at first a confused indignation,—we do not admit to ourselves that a desire can ascend from the beast toward the human being; we see in this an insult all the more intolerable to the dignity of our species in that the resemblance between the two identical forms diminishes the distance which separates this brute from its prey. Then, the consequences, perhaps possible, and at least conceived by the imagination, of such an abduction, add disgust to anger. We recover our calmness, only when we reflect that the artist’s conceptions did not go so far, and that he was simply seeking an effect of contrast.”

Long afterward, when the sculptor had reconstructed the group, it was proposed to sell it to the State, but the then Minister of the Beaux-Arts refused his official consent, giving as a reason that the possibility of the incident was not admitted by the naturalists, and that it was important not to set the example of perpetuating an error by a durable representation. It is probable that this very unsatisfactory and evidently

FRANCIS TATTEGRAIN
USELESS MOUTHS: SIEGE OF THE CHÂTEAU
GAILLARD, 1203

PHOTOGRAVURE



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fictitious reason was advanced only to cover sentiments similar to those of the Belgian workmen. But with the lapse of time these feelings seem to have diminished, the work was exhibited at the Exposition of 1889, at that of Chicago, and again in one of the halls of the Décennale of 1900, without exciting protest. The government itself has recovered from its scruples apparently,—the *Orang-outang et Sauvage* was a commission from the State, and the *Homme de l'âge de pierre et Ours* is owned by the State.

In his later works, M. Frémiet has returned to less exclusively scientific labors. His very handsome equestrian statue of Velasquez in the gardens of the Louvre facing east, the charming little statuette of the boy Louis XIII—like a figure from a painting by Velasquez—on his rearing *cheval de manège*, the artistic and ingenious figures and groups modelled for *surtout de table* for the Sèvres porcelain (more particularly the excellent archaic *Minerve*, or, rather, Pallas Athena, in her three-horse chariot, with her helmet, her buckler, her long lance, and her serpent rearing beside her), have all the freshness and distinction and sculptural quality of his best work. So have also, as well as can be seen from the ground below and through the dazzling layer of fresh gold which covers them, his two rearing spirited groups—in which Pegasus appears reconstructed by a learned artistic anatomy, the *Vox Pacis* of the pylons of the Pont Alexandre III on the side of the Cours-la-Reine. The two similar groups entitled *Vox Gloriæ* on the Quai d'Orsay were executed by MM. Steiner and Granet. The titles of the two groups of Frémiet are also given, in other works on the Exposition, as *Renommées des Arts* and *Renommée des Sciences*, but titles are not important in decorative and monumental work. At the Exposition of 1900, the sculptor, as if willing to display most of the many sides of his talent, exhibited also, in addition to examples of his mediæval, his decorative, his classic, and his zoölogical and ethnological work, a reclining portrait-figure for the tomb of Madame Dru, with, instead of the crouching heraldic beast of the

ancient tombs, her crop-eared terrier at her feet, and the colossal bust of M. de Lesseps for his statue erected at Port-Saïd and inaugurated in the latter part of 1899. An excellent bust of M. Frémiet has been executed by a young sculptor of talent, M. Henri Gréber, who inscribes it: *Hommage au Maître*, and in which the soft warm tint of the lithographic stone in which it is carved adds a curiously life-like vivacity to the very handsome and distinguished head, set off by the high collar and the grand cordon of the Academic costume.

This sculptor was a nephew and pupil of Rude; Mercié had for masters Jouffroy and Falguière, and in this certain diminution might be found justification for a somewhat smaller measure of high distinction and fire of creation, if an artist's power were ever to be gauged by that of his instructors. In the *Gloria Victis* of the central court of the Hôtel de Ville is so much inspiration, such a sculptural uplifting, so to speak, that it is somewhat a matter of surprise to find the same sculptor executing the *Quand Même* of the central alley of the Tuileries garden, a repetition of that modern motif which has appeared on so many French monuments since the German war, a sinking and failing figure supported by a stronger one, which never makes good monumental and sculptural lines,—and also a very tasteless commemoration of defeat to set up in such a locality. In his larger monumental works, Mercié has introduced an innovation which certainly has reason, that of constructing the base or pedestal in bronze also, instead of in granite, when the crowning figures are in metal. Any one who has ever been struck with the destruction of the beauty of bronze by its application to granite or marble, how the contrast of the clearer and lighter tone of the stone converts the mellowness and warmth and translucency of color of the metal into an opaque and blackish substance, may wonder that this innovation had not been insisted upon before. In two important monuments, both inaugurated in 1896, M. Mercié displayed the superior homogeneity of his method,—the statue of Jules Ferry set up in Saint-Dié, and that of

General Faidherbe, in his native city of Lille. The innovation was considered to be of sufficient importance to be taken up in the reviews and on the boulevards; at the theatre of the Cluny was announced, *Je suis en bronze*, and the poets made couplets on the theme.

At Saint-Dié, it is recorded, the Comité having in charge the execution of the monument protested, but the sculptor maintained his position. He had the courage (if, indeed, any other course were open to him) of representing the somewhat unheroic figure of Ferry with the whiskers, the buttoned-up frock-coat, and the hands clasped

behind his back, which distinguished him in life; at the foot of the pedestal, an heroic figure of France, wearing a cuirass and a helmet and supporting the national flag, looks up admiringly at the orator. The head of this figure is a portrait of Madame Jules Ferry, who is thus enabled to "assist" at the immortalizing of her husband. On the step of the pedestal is seated a boyish French scholar with an open book, and a youthful Tonquinois stoops toward him to read from his book. In this *rapprochement*, the sculptor has figured that line of colonial policy with which Ferry's enemies most bitterly reproached him. The tall,



ACHILLE GRANCHI-TAYLOR. LESSON IN REPAIRING CREEELS.

narrow pedestal which supports the equestrian figure of General Faidherbe is slightly concave laterally and convex at the front and rear, adorned at the top by heavy moulding and ornamental festoons; at the back is seated a female figure typifying the *Région du Nord*, surrounded by the emblems of manufactures, arts, and agriculture, and holding in both hands a great spray of laurel which she evidently intends to offer to the hero above. At the front of the pedestal stands a personification of the city of Lille, wearing a cuirass and a mural crown and looking upward while she dictates to the seated figure at her side, History, the great deeds of her illustrious son. On the summit of the tall pedestal, above their heads, the general sits in full uniform on his handsome long-tailed Arab horse, saluting with his sword. The whole rises from a foundation of red granite of the Vosges, and is considered to be one of the handsomest monuments of its kind in France.

The hardihood of personification is seen again in the sculptor's marble group of *Jeanne d'Arc*, quite different in conception from any of the very many monuments erected to the memory of that heroine. Here, old feudal France, the France of the unhappy reign of Charles VII, unable longer to defend herself against her many enemies, foreign and domestic, her shield and her sword dropping from her failing grasp, is rescued by the young shepherdess who comes forward with a fine martial stride and grasps and brandishes the sword, her face turned to Heaven for guidance. Behind her, one of her sheep, surprised at this transformation, looks upward at its mistress and bleats. Possibly it is in the more delicate and suggestive work of the sculptor, in which he has won much of his distinction, that he excels,—as in his well-known *Souvenir* of the Luxembourg, for the tomb of "Madame Charles F." erected by her husband in Thann, Alsace,—the graceful, veiled, and draped figure seated against the high stèle, the knees together and the hands in the lap, the head drooped toward the shoulder; or the monument to Madame Carvalho, exhibited in the Salon of 1897,

FERNAND LE QUESNE

THE LEGEND OF THE KERDECK
(SIRENS LURING A YOUNG BRETON)

Loaned by the State

—
PHOTOGRAVURE



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"a delicate suggestion of the apotheosis of the singer's soul floating, Marguerite-like, gently from the marble slab, and soaring, hands clasped, toward heaven above." It needs but a suggestion of the infinite possibilities of bathos and *banalité* lurking in this stone-cutter's theme to appreciate the genius of the artist who could redeem such a motif and restore it to its original spirituality. This delicacy and grace are shown again, in a remarkable degree, in the graceful statue of the *Opéra-Comique*, set up in the entrance stairway of that new theatre,—all that wit and grace of the eighteenth century in which we are taught to believe seem to be suggested in this smiling, artificial comédienne, lifting her skirt, waving her fan, putting forward her slender, high-slippered foot. The very great, and yet scarcely definable, distance between this figure and the similar one seated on Watteau's monument in the Luxembourg garden and placing flowers before his bust, may serve to indicate once more the impalpable quality of art, that beautiful, imponderable essence which converts one marble or one canvas into a jewel and leaves another but dirt. The very delicate, suggestive, illusive modelling of this figure of the Opéra-Comique is one of the most beautiful examples of technical handling even in modern French sculpture.

Sometimes Mercié explores other fields, as in his plaster statue of the shoemaker Vestrepain, rising from his bench to speak; or models in wax, as in his bust of Gounod; or essays the nude, as in his pretty, graceful figure of a girl carrying great bunches of grapes, and which he calls *Les Fruits du Midi*. At the Salon of 1900, he exhibited only a very small portrait of a woman, pearly and translucent in color, for the sculptor is a painter also, and his seated *Vénus* in the Luxembourg, from the Salon of 1883, is one of the finest studies of rich, luminous, opulent flesh painting even in that Walhalla of good painters.

Certain similar excellencies of detailed technical workmanship characterize some of the later work of Saint-Marceaux,—otherwise a very

different artist. In the marble bust of Madame de Saint-Marceaux, the countenance, if veiled from a direct light by turning or by the shadow of the hair over the brow, takes on a most curious, intent, and yet undetermined look in the diffused shadow, almost haunting in its intensity, and aided by the slight suggestion of the eyeballs in a faint blue. The skill of a sculptor's technique has seldom gone further than in this admirable head. Very skilful, also, is the treatment of the abundant drapery of the young girl kneeling in an ecstasy of prayer in the *Première Communiant*,—so skilful in this and in some other instances that it is a matter of surprise that the French sculptors so consistently neglect it for the eternal rendering of the nude. Admirable sculptural workmanship also marks the exceeding severity and simplicity of the recumbent figure of Alexandre Dumas *fils* for his tomb;—“after my death,” directed the writer in his will, “I am to be clad in my customary working-dress, the feet bare,” as he liked to keep them in his life. Thus simply arrayed, in a long robe, the hands crossed on the waist, the figure lies as if asleep,—the great wreath of laurel which projects slightly over the head has been criticised as being an error of taste, “both sentimental and artistic,” but too much modesty is not to be expected in a figure for a tomb, and some ornament seemed to be needed to break the simplicity of this simply clad figure lying flat on a flat slab. At the present writing, the sculptor is engaged on another monument of Dumas *fils*, to be erected in the Place Malesherbes opposite the spirited one already there commemorating his illustrious father, by Doré. In the new one, which has been carefully studied with a view to completing and setting off the older one, the author of the “Lady of the Camellias” is seated, leaning forward slightly, listening to a female figure which has advanced from a group of his heroines placed on the right of the monument, and is writing under her dictation. The pedestal is round, and on the left, with a happy disregard of absolute symmetry, is hung a group of masks and other attributes of the theatre,



JULES ROUFFET. END OF THE EPIC.

under which are engraved in the stone the titles of the principal works of the writer; his name and the dates of his birth and death appearing on the front of the pedestal. It may be remembered that Doré's monument, in the northern end of the little enclosure, gives Dumas *père*, for

the adornment of his lofty pedestal, on the front, a group of his readers, picturesquely presented, and at the back, the incomparable D'Artagnan seated proudly, cloak and sword and moustaches rendered to the life. Saint-Marceaux's monument, it is announced, may not be expected to be seen in place before the latter part of the present year of grace or the early part of 1901. The sculptor, like Falguière, was commissioned to execute a monument to Daudet, and it is understood that this is nearly completed.

Two of his best-known and most characteristic works are in the Luxembourg,—his formidable and Oriental *Génie*, guarding the secret of the funerary urn with both arms; and the bronze head of Dagnan-Bouveret, in which he has taken advantage of the characteristics of the painter's head to produce a work that shall suggest the Italian Renaissance. The small, carefully modelled, intent, brooding head, the low brow with the hair cut in a straight line across it, the small pointed beard, even the top of the embroidered Breton vest imitating some doublet of Malatesta, all render a theme with a double meaning, as if the painter's soul were to be thus translated. It is difficult to find as much interest in his well-known horizontal flying figures, entitled *Nos Destinées*, skilfully blending into each other and into a very unconvincing sculptor's cloud, the three nude bodies and the three pairs of thin arms extended rigidly and the whole symbolizing various things as well as destinies. Much more beautiful and simple is the charming little marble *figurine* of *L'Aurore*, stretching her slim young body upward and clasping her head with both hands in the languor of a first awakening.

One of the many events in the history of the arts which took place in Paris in the spring and summer of 1900 was the inauguration of the *Jeanne d'Arc* of Paul Dubois in the triangular Place Saint-Augustin, before the church of the same name. This is that spirited and handsome equestrian group in which the youthful Maid, set up on her high war-saddle on the back of her war-horse, rides swiftly along lifting her round

JEAN BÉRAUD
MAGDALEN AT THE PHARISEE'S

PHOTOGRAVURE



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young face to Heaven and flourishing her sword with a vigor that gave the statue, when it first appeared, from the irreverent caricaturists, the name of the *paratonnerre* (lightning-rod). It was the wish of the sculptor that his monument should be inaugurated on some day the anniversary of one of the most important events in the liberation of France by her efforts, and the 8th of May, the anniversary of the deliverance of Orléans, was accordingly selected. On this day, the *Société Amicale du Loiret* made a procession to the statue of the Maid by Frémiet in the Place des Pyramides and deposited on her pedestal a superb wreath of roses, pinks, and lilies, and others assembled before the Augustin, and as the cloth fell from Dubois's group, applauded this new incarnation. And, indeed, as now established,—for the sculptor and the architect of the pedestal, M. Formigé, were of the opinion that, as first placed, the figure was elevated too high,—the characteristic qualities of the group seem to be peculiarly accentuated by its locality, in this fine open space the figure of the armed Virgin seems to be riding triumphantly down upon the enemies of her Church. Before her, at the left, is the great caserne de la Pépinière, from which the warriors of France may issue at her call when the Patrie is again threatened.

A still more recent monument by Dubois is the reclining figure of the Duc d'Aumale, a commission from the Duc de Chartres, completed in the last days of 1899. Clad in the full-dress uniform of a general, his sword beside him and the folds of the tricolor around him, the warrior lies in state. But it is in his portrait busts, mostly in bronze, that this sculptor gives evidence of a talent that distinguishes him from his fellows,—heads in which, in spite of the somewhat forbidding material for this purpose, the sentiment of life, of character, of almost breathing vitality, is conveyed with a somewhat startling vividness. One of the best-known of these is that of Pasteur; but there are others, equally admirable, in some of which, as in that of E. Legouvé of the Académie Française, with its rendering of all the characteristics of age,

it would seem that the sculptor had hearkened only to the promptings of his conscience as an artist and not at all to more practical considerations as to his sitter's feelings. But he is also quite capable of suavity and of more delicate touch, and some of his marble busts render with great charm the softer traits of ladies and children.

M. Albert Bartholomé has immortalized his name by his great *Monument aux Morts*, which first appeared in plaster at the Salon of 1895, and which, as a joint commission from the State and from the city of Paris, is now set up in stone in the grande allée of Père-Lachaise. The obvious criticism which has been levelled at this work, that there is in it no suggestion of consolation, is but another testimonial to the peculiar completeness with which it renders the influence of the present day,—it is impossible to mistake it for anything but a *modern* monument to the dead. Emperor Wilhelm of Germany sends his troops off to China with big words of "God" and "Fatherland" and "Me," but the German ruler is still mediæval; in the French journals, even in the secular ones, it has been matter of much comment that President Loubet, in handing the colors to *his* expeditionary corps, made no appeal whatever to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. In France, and very largely in other countries, the going-down to the tomb is very much as M. Bartholomé has pictured it,—the lightest touch is that of the young girl kneeling at the extreme right who turns to blow a last kiss to those she is leaving forever. It is this conception of the dread of our utter ignorance, rendered with most unusual originality and power, which gives the work of the sculptor its elevation and solemnity. An English critic, Mr. M. H. Spielmann, after doing full justice to the imposing effect of the monument as a whole, adds:—"although not quite happy to the English mind in respect to the nude figures of man and wife lying prone on their backs with their dead child lying across their middles." In this very inelegant phrase he probably expresses the scruples which will be felt by the timid at some of these details, but the sculptor has

certainly contrived to render the largeness of his subject with surprising moderation and reticence. The two upright figures disappearing in the gloom of the central doorway are among the most impressive in all sculpture.

A recent biographer of this artist, M. Maurice Demaison, states that before taking up sculpture he was a painter, and always giving evidence in his work of a science of design and of a *sentiment intime très profond*. He has long been a great admirer of Ingres, and in 1899 went with his



ÉMILE-RENÉ MÉNARD. EVENING
LOANED BY M. SWANN.

friend, the painter Degas, in pilgrimage to the Musée of Montauban, in which have been collected the works of that master. The *Monument aux Morts* was unveiled on the day before Toussaint, All-Saints'-day, 1899, without any official ceremony, the city and the State not having been able to arrange for any joint celebration. The original plaster is preserved in the Palais de Longchamps at Marseille. M. Demaison relates that M. Hyashi, the Japanese commissioner-general at the Exposition of 1900, offered to obtain from his government an authorization to purchase this work, and that if the city and the State had not succeeded in promptly coming to terms with the sculptor it is probable that the monument would have been exported to the extreme Orient. A more convincing demonstration of the catholicity of the work could not have been desired.

Fortunately for heavy-hearted humanity, the sculptors do not always thus carve in preaching *Memento Mori!* Here is M. Injalbert, for example, Grand Prix in 1889, who succeeds, apparently with the greatest ease, and certainly with the greatest felicity, in rendering the gross old Pagan subjects with all the fine old Pagan spirit, cheerful, classic, human, naked and unashamed and entirely untainted with that modern curse of vulgarity and self-consciousness, not to say lechery, which so bedevils some of the contemporary French work,—as the smaller groups of Rodin and the great *Triomphe de Séleste* of Dalou in the Luxembourg garden. In a small group, carved in a stone the texture of which suggests excellently the quality of flesh, he presents a full-bodied bacchante and an old satyr, staggering along, arm in arm, very drunken, in the “*vieux temps, très anciens*,” as Victor Hugo says,—a most irreprehensible orgie. Here is M. Alphonse Cordonnier, who represents, according to the literal French title, a *Marchand de Dieux antiques*, that is, of statuettes of antique gods, which he carries in every possible place about his very scantily draped and jovial person and which are of a variety and interest and artistic quality to attract many purchasers. This sculptor can also be

ÉMILE BOUTIGNY

MARSHAL LANNES AT ESSLING, MAY, 1809

Loaned by the City of Arras

PHOTOGRAVURE

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modern, as in his *Inoculation*, owned by the State, given a gold medal at the Exposition of 1900, a seated figure of a woman with the boy patient in her lap; or mediæval, as in his *Obsessions*, a statuette group in marble and wood, the monk tormented by the fleshly visions which rise behind him, and which, in their turn, writhe in the grasp of the fiend crouching under the seat. M. Denys Puech, with whose absurd *Sirène*—furnished with great feather wings and with fishes' tails like a mermaid, carrying through the waves on her shoulder a foolish youth—it is impossible to sympathize, has, nevertheless, a very sympathetic *Muse d'André Chénier*, seated, nude, and holding against her breast the severed head of the poet wrapped in its laurels and its long hair. He has also executed, in a marble relief, the ecstasy of Saint Anthony of Padua, in which the vapory quality of clouds, the atmospheric effect of a painting, are rendered with most unusual skill and charm; and a very graceful, drooping, decorative statue of Mlle. Calvé in the rôle of Ophelia, the property of the actress herself, marked by the same beauty of delicate modelling in the drapery and flowers. His very high relief in marble of the nude, reclining figure of *La Seine*, the property of the State (the number is very great of these life-size nudes, generally characterized by no artistic qualities but technical skill, which are owned by the State), on the contrary, is marred by the leering, meretricious face. Marqueste, if less versatile, is more even and serene; his *Persée et la Gorgone*, in the Luxembourg, is composed with the greatest ingenuity and knowledge, and presents the fate of the unhappy maid beloved and abandoned by Poseidon with a plausibility that makes it almost tragic. His statue of *Eve*, uplifting her face, is characterized by the beauty of the head; his *Maternité*, by the sturdy uprightness of the little man-child taking his very first steps, and in his seated figure of *La Cigale* he has contrived to give a new interest and charm to that much-worn theme. Her youthful person is quite nude and very chilly, with her knees together and her head drooping to one side she holds in her lap her long-handled lute, her sole earthly

possession. This statue is owned by the State, and for once the State purchased with judgment.

Of those sculptors who thus enjoy governmental favor, one of the most fortunate is Félix Charpentier; of his six works shown at the Exposition of 1900, five are labelled *Appartient à l'Etat*, and the sixth, a portrait of M. Paul Deschanel, President of the Chamber of Deputies, is at least semi-official. Of these five statues and groups, there is probably only one of which the visitor would carry away any remembrance, and of this one only because one of the figures is standing exactly on his head with his feet in the air! And yet one of the principles on which this artist regulates his work is the avoidance of any search for mere strangeness, and the necessity of remaining one's self. "I did not select this subject at hazard," he says; "I endeavored at first to execute a work that should have a vigorous movement; but, in addition to that, my idea was symbolical, and in my secret thoughts this group of *Lutteurs* indicated my resolution to 'down' success, to master it and to make it touch the earth with both shoulders." In the group, the successful wrestler grasps his discomfited foe by both wrists, but the means by which he has brought about this surprising overturning are not very clear to the lay mind. Exposed at the Salon in plaster, the work brought the sculptor the Médaille d'Honneur. This is not the only time in which he has, according to his own avowal, concealed in his productions some allusion to his own affairs,—in the much more amusing *Improvisateur* of the Luxembourg the little air of mocking and irony which characterizes the fluting faun, stopping the open end of his rude instrument with his finger, was intended to express the sculptor's opinion of the jury, against which he thought he had a grievance. Of his nude female figures, some, as the *Poésie*, singing to the little spray which she holds in her hand, are marked by more spirit and grace than are always to be found. Less successful as a whole is his ambitious *Cheminée décorative*, the heavy marble slab of which is supported on two gnarled male figures

rising out of twisted tree-roots, and on the shelf are entwined two fleshly nymphs, symbolizing the Apple and the Vine, the intertwined stems and branches of which fruits form a species of sculptural canopy over their heads. *In situ*, and regarded as a chimney-piece, it is probable that this work would present too "tormented" an ensemble to be appreciated in any but the largest and most monumental of halls, but the group of the two nymphs, considered apart, is one more striking example of the great technical skill of the modern French sculptors. "Freedom of action," says the artist himself, "should only be attempted after one has learned how to *finish*," and this excellent

maxim sees itself justified in his work. This sculptor is not to be confounded with M. Alexandre Charpentier, one of the most ingenious of the modern searchers after new methods of art expression,—



ANTONIO DE LA GANDARA. THE LADY OF THE ROSE
LOANED BY THE LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM.

among other methods, that of working in very low relief in embossed paper, a process also carried out by Pierre Roche with somewhat better success. One of the most remarkable of Charpentier's works, his bas-relief of enamelled bricks, *Les Boulangers*, of the Salon of 1897 (suggested by the Persian frieze of the archers, from the palace of Darius I, discovered by M. and Madame Dieulafoy, now in the Louvre), has lately been installed in the little garden or enclosure by the side of the church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés. In this he has adopted a very modern theme, half-nude bakers at work, but the realistic subject at first sight would seem not well adapted to the arbitrary decorative treatment. Of the various ingenious devices, bits of strange costume, scraps of knowledge, searchings for odd motifs, for new decorative effects, which these sculptors display, there is very great variety. Some of them are legitimate enough, curious, and artistic; others seem to bear testimony only to the artist's desire to attract attention. M. Louis Convers, who has executed important marbles for the Institut and the Palais de Justice of Grenoble, has also produced a large bas-relief, with nearly free figures, which he calls *L'Enigme*, an enigma which does not seem worth the trouble of solving, and a seated meditative figure of *Salomé*, distinguished by the figure's air of hesitancy and trouble, by some more or less Oriental accessories, and by some realistic modelling, as that of the thin hand at the cheek. M. Eugène Robert ranges between a spirited group of a nude boy catching a fox by the neck, *Dans le Bois*, and a moving presentation, intended to touch the hearts of the mothers, of an abandoned baby waking to find itself lying at the door of a rich house, the foundations of the house being briefly indicated. M. Henri-Edouard Vernhes models statuettes and busts in hard wax,—with a certain freedom and power of expression, with the gain of the translucency and flesh-like quality of the wax, and with the inevitable summariness of modelling required by his material. Of the two brothers Schnegg, both born at Bordeaux, Gaston carves many of his figures in wood, sometimes, as in the case of his

ARY RENAN

FLOTSAM

PHOTOGRAVURE



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Sainte Cécile, with a fine mediæval characterization; Lucien executes portrait heads in marble and plaster with an admirable rendering of the temperament of the sitter. One of the best of these is an *Etude de Vieillard*. The sculptor received a gold medal at the Exposition of 1900. Of these latter artists, Vernhes is represented at the Luxembourg by two busts in tinted wax.

In the matter of extreme range of artistic quality, it is doubtful if a more striking example can be found than that furnished by the work of Raoul Larche, one of the younger men now most in evidence. Visitors to the Exposition of 1900 may remember at the entrance of the Grand Palais a very large and demonstrative group in greenish bronze, the lower portion consisting of a confused representation of swirling masses mingled with portions of human bodies, and the upper of the colossal figure of a nude woman, of a certain age and entirely without physical charm, who issued from this confusion with flying arms and leg and hair and widely distended mouth. This art manifestation is entitled *La Tempête et les Nuées*, and is the property of the city of Paris, but as a representation of a "Tempest" it seems to lack logic. In the first place, a tempest is a masculine object (in spite of French grammar), and a masculine nude figure would have been much more expressive; and in the second place, if it be a real tempest, it flies with a definite object and direction and swoop, and not at all in this loose-jointed, inconsequential, feminine manner, making much noise and accomplishing nothing. So that, as a sculptural expression, this group seemed to have no particular reason, and as a work of sculpture it might be said to have no excuse for being excepting as an example of modelling of a very large study from life in suspended action. Yet the artist who perpetrated this prominent and unpleasant object has executed a number of works of very different quality, and one or two at least that are distinguished by a charm of grace and refinement that would never be thought possible before this dislocated bronze.

One of his lesser works is a marble statuette of the boy Jesus, in a long gown and with a severe and unpleasant aspect, disputing with the doctors. This has been purchased by the State. In a life-size nude female figure, *La Sève*, he has undertaken to represent the sap circulating and mounting through the veins of the tree, and for this purpose has entwined the legs and body and uplifted arms of his graceful nymph with growing twigs. But as this vegetable phenomenon is not to be expressed by the plastic arts, he has not succeeded very well. Abandoning meteorology, theology, and botany, the sculptor has travelled back to the old fields of mythology, and found much better luck,—his plaster group of two boy satyrs coming upon a still piece of water in the woods, in which they see themselves mirrored, is a very clever and droll rendering, and evidently very true to the facts as they were. One of them, the elder, has apparently seen water before, and takes his companion by his flap ear to show him this phenomenon. But in his two marble groups, *Les Violettes* and *La Prairie et le Ruisseau*, both of them belonging to the State, and the first from the Salon of 1899, and for which groups, probably, he was awarded a gold medal at the Exposition of 1900, we come into a different field. Here the sculptor has given evidence of that ability to render a delicate and pretty theme with an impalpable grace and refinement and with a total avoidance of the commonplace and the pretty-pretty, that is one of the most distinguishing characteristics of the best French sculpture from the eighteenth century down. The skill with which these artists skirt the very edge of the precipice that yawns for those who adventure in these thin streams of poetry is indeed remarkable. In the *Violettes*, M. Larche has undertaken to reproduce in marble, with figures the size of life, a sort of personification or transfiguring of the flowers,—four young maids, big and little, among the stems and the blossoms, half flowers and half maids; and in the second work, a still slighter and prettier theme, the meadow striving to detain the stream as it hurries by. The meadow is personified, naturally, by a

young nymph who sits on the banks of the running waters, and the stream by a pretty boy, with his hands full of her flowers,—like a boy, quite unwilling to be caught and kissed, even by so nice a naiad. Before these beautiful marbles the poet and the painter might confess



ALBERT GOSELIN. EDGE OF THE POND, SUNSET.

themselves bested, and even the musician doubt if his strains would render any better the pretty, elusive charm.

Of the makers of statuettes in ivory and onyx and precious metals, whose works attract so much attention in the art productions of the day, Théodore Rivière, it is said, drew his original inspirations from Tunis and Carthage, and Fix-Masseau from Italy, and particularly from the antique statuettes in the Museum of Naples. The first, exhibiting in the Salons from 1885 to 1889, received in the first year an honorable mention for his *Djinn*, and in the last a third-class medal, which so discouraged him, it is related, that he left France and set out for Tunis, where he supported

himself by giving lessons in drawing. Here he executed his first important work, *Salammbô chez Mathô*, inspired by Flaubert's novel, a beautiful piece of workmanship in bronze and ivory, purchased by the State and now in the Luxembourg. The Carthaginian priestess, in her strange costume, stands in the tent of the barbarian chieftain, who throws himself at her feet and clasps her around the waist with a fervor of passion that is quite in the spirit of the romance. It is the custom of the writers on contemporary art, French and even occasionally foreign, when they take up the works of these individual artists, to bestow indiscriminating eulogy upon all their productions, but the facts in the case are much as in other instances and these works vary as greatly in merit as do the works of other men. It would seem, indeed, that this first statuette group of Rivière was marked by greater originality and artistic worth than any of his subsequent ones, good as some of these are. In the Luxembourg, he is represented also by another small group, in marble and bronze, likewise drawn from Flaubert's Carthaginian story, entitled *Ultimum Feriens*, an incident in the starvation of the army of the mercenaries in the defile of the Hache. One of the survivors, sword in hand, climbs up the rocky precipice to drive away the vulture feeding on the dead. This work obtained a third-class medal in 1894, and the *Salammbô* one of the second class in the following year. Among his productions may be cited two modern Egyptian figures, a graceful little marble statuette of a "Carthaginian girl" in marble, and a nude ivory statuette, a mediæval theme, the poor mad king Charles VI comforted by Odette, in bronze, ivory, and marble, and Fra Angelico fallen asleep before his painting, which an angel finishes for him, in marble and ivory. As the picture is not represented, and the angel appears to be painting in the air, and as it is not a very convincing angel any way, the spectator is apt to remain unimpressed. Much better is his charmingly wrought little statuette in ivory and tinted onyx, *La Vierge de Sunnam*, from the Salon of 1899, a genuine work of art. In a certain fineness and delicacy,

ALBERT—PIERRE—RENÉ MAIGNAN

FORTUNE PASSING

PHOTOGRAVURE



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both of conception and of rendering, Rivière exceeds his rivals when at his best; it is perhaps worthy of record that he restricts the *édition* of each of his works to three examples, which he carefully carries out himself in marble, bronze, silver, ivory, onyx, and enamel, as the case may be.

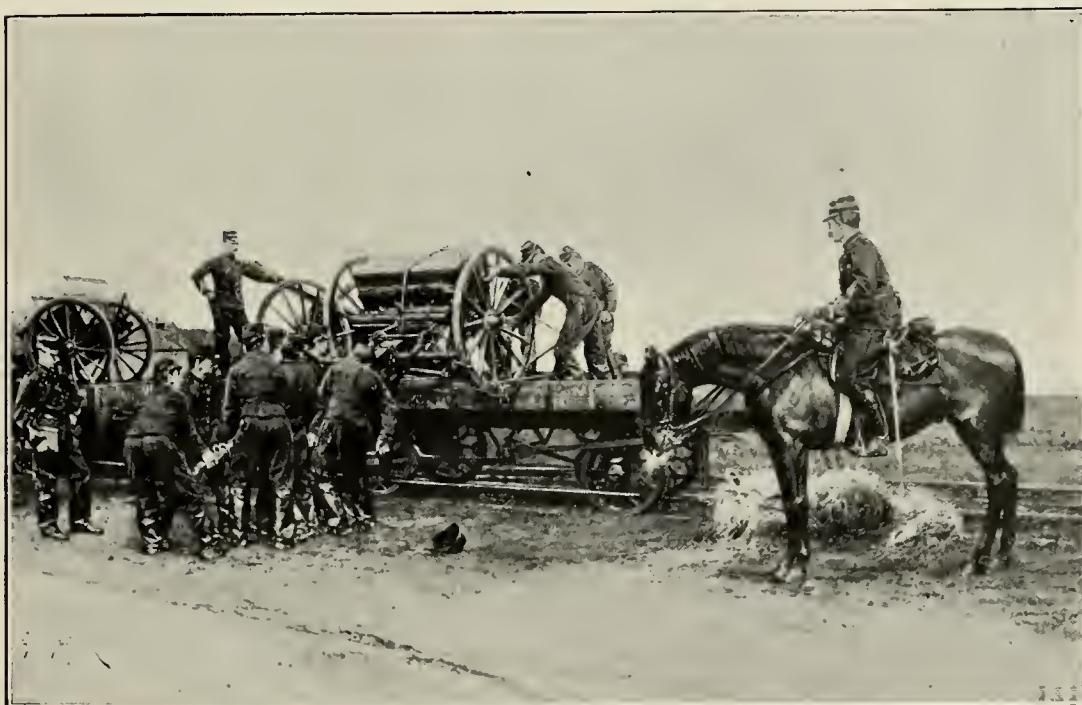
Fix-Masseau frequently works on a much larger scale, as in his busts in plaster and in *plâtre patiné*, studies of young girls' heads marked by a somewhat determined search for expression and for "modernity," or stronger types, as in the very carefully modelled head entitled *Le Pensseur*, the hand brought up to the chin. This last, it has been suggested by his admirers, may mark the opening of a new career for the artist. In the Petit Palais of the Exposition of 1900 he is represented by a decorative group, *La Seine*, on the stairway, and a group of children over a door. His *Secret*, in wood and ivory, belonging to the Museum of Lyon, is one of the best of his smaller, mystical works, and exemplifies his power of obtaining expression by modelling by largeness of forms rather than by excessive detail. One of the most ambitious of these works in polychrome sculpture, as ambitious as the *Nature se dévoilant* of Barrias, already described, but much less successful, is the life-size statue of Salammbô at the foot of the statuette of her goddess, with the python writhing around her, by M. Maurice Ferry. So much talent, labor, and thought have been bestowed upon this work, that it is to be regretted that the result obtained is so discordant, but the inherent weaknesses and inartistic qualities of this arbitrary bringing together of the realistic and the merely suggestive have seldom been better demonstrated. The figure of Salammbô is in white marble, the drapery slightly tinted, and the snake is very realistically rendered in colored bronze; her anklets are of real metal gilded, the porphyry column and the strange figure in metal of the crescent goddess on her throne of horses on the summit might well be taken for a literal reproduction of some antique idol. Of course, if the life-size figure had been made as nearly natural as the accessories,

the result artistically would have been still worse. All these inharmonious portions have been executed with great technical skill, and, taken separately, are each admirable.

In his statuettes, *La Sulamite*, *Favorite*, *Léda* with her swan, and others, the same incongruousness is disturbing, though smallness of scale is undoubtedly in the favor of this particular art. The marble is offended at the proximity of the gold; the strong contrast of color, as in the white Leda and the black swan, is also inharmonious. Moreover, and this is even more serious, a certain commonness of type, in the heads and the attitudes, of M. Ferry's figures, deprives them still more of artistic value. But these important and costly works are a very significant feature of the "art movement of the day" in France, and no record of this contemporary art would be complete without allusion to them. The sculptor was Prix de Rome in 1882, and has received two medals and the red ribbon. His nude *Diane* in étain, or pewter, the size of life, astride a cloud and shooting with her bow, much in the style of Falguière's similar figures, is the property of the State.

A better effect is obtained by seeking a certain harmony of tone between the various materials employed,—as M. Jean Hugues has done in his *Muse de la Source*, the property of the State. Instead of the simple urn with which these useful naiads are usually furnished, this one is provided with a fine marble carved trough, with an antique mask from which her stream may flow. The marble is veined, and yellowish in color, and the nymph herself is rendered in a yellowed or gilded bronze, so that against a leafy background this fountain group would present a handsome and decorative appearance. It is true that there is here a certain appearance of bathing, rather than of any more classic function, but that is a detail. The city of Paris also owns one of this sculptor's works, a marble statue of a potter at work with his wheel, rendered with a species of style and ingenuity of arrangement that give it sculptural value.

Of the more successful of the tinted marble statues, there are one or two that are worthy of mention, even in these crowded pages, for the excellence of the art by which a very handsome decorative effect is combined with an illusion of life that is quite sufficiently near. One of the most remarkable of these is a seated, half-nude *Madeleine* with a skull in her lap, by Victorien Bartet,—the figure so admirably modelled, so full of life and expression, that it would be noticeable even if quite



ÉTIENNE-PROSPER BERNE-BELLECOUR. ARTILLERY MANOEUVRES.

unadorned by color. The marble is of a beautiful, close-grained texture, which seems to be peculiarly well adapted to the coloring,—the drapery, the skull, the eyes, the mouth and the nipples, the long hair, slightly reddish, which trails all the way down the back, are all given a suggestion of the hue of life or of nature which seems to leave nothing to be desired. More commonplace in conception, but equally admirable in the rendering, is the life-size marble of Théophile Barrau, *Suzanne*, as yet

unaware of the elders, and all absorbed in the drying of her handsome arms. The delicately-tinted drapery which falls behind the figure serves to set off very handsomely the admirable modelling of the flesh and the beautiful texture of the white marble. In this modified use of colors, restraining them to not too strong tints which shall harmonize with the unstained or very slightly stained marble, and in making the utmost use of the beauty of the material itself, will probably be found in the future the most artistic and distinguished employment of "polychrome" sculpture.

M. Pierre Roche is one of the most versatile of these experimenters in new processes, and some of his results are curious. Though a sculptor, and working in a large manner and with heroic themes in his more important works, he does not disdain the minor trades of the handicraftsman. A chronicler in a recent number of an English art journal has been personally inspecting the artist's processes. "M. Roche's 'églomisation' and 'glypsographie' work is particularly important. The former name, of as recent formation, it appears, as 1840 or thereabouts, was, at that date, and is now generally, given to the process used frequently in sixteenth-century decoration, which consists in backing painted glass with plates of brilliant metal (*paillons*) giving a peculiar lustre to the lines through which the metallic ground glistens. M. Roche has modified this process by substituting, for example, thin leather or parchment for the glass. He has thus obtained, by using specially transparent and peculiarly textured leathers, effects of depth which are not achieved in the 'églomised' work properly so called. . . . Another fascinating experiment made by M. Roche, and which has led to the most notable results, is what he calls 'gypsographie.' This process was originally suggested to him, he tells me, by the Japanese prints, and chiefly by the peculiar and elsewhere unobtainable quality of Japan paper for the rendering of color combined with relief. He first tried what he calls the combination of the painter's with the sculptor's handicraft, in a

MAURICE-HENRI ORANGE
THE DEFENDERS OF SARAGOSSA, 1808-1809

PHOTOGRAVURE



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Mason & Son
1900

simple way. Treating designs embossed in Japan paper—*goufré* is the French term—with water color directly, he produced some charming studies, notably of flowers, and a female figure, *Iris*. He modelled the relief in the paper from plaster. It then occurred to him to apply the color, not to the paper after the modelling, but to the plaster model,—in other words, to ink his plaster basso-relievo block.” The results obtained, chiefly in landscape, are declared to be remarkable, the relief of the paper combined with the texture of the coloring wrought both by the surface of the plaster and by the grain of the paper produce surprising effects of light and depth. In this work, as in most other, everything depends upon the touch of the artist’s hand, even in the more mechanical details, the inking of the plaster cast and the pressure of the paper therein.

This artist has also experimented in other combinations of modelling in relief and in color,—in earthenware, in a dome-shaped ceiling for the Loie Fuller Theatre at the Exposition of 1900, first shown at the Champ-de-Mars Salon of the preceding year, and in which the constantly repeated pattern of the narrow, converging rib spaces of the dome, a striding nude figure at the base, and florid ornaments diminishing above, is in alto-relievo of earthenware with vivid lustres of greens and blues thrown up by electric lights placed in recesses behind, below, and above the figures. He also works in pewter, in bronze, and in fine ceramics; his *Femme de Loth*, in lead, being a colossal mask of a terrified old woman, very striking in expression; in bronze, he has attempted to reproduce Miss Fuller’s celebrated dance, as have three or four others, but none of them, it must be said, with much success,—possibly because the peculiar beauty and mystery of the performance is quite impossible to reproduce in sculpture. For the entrance of this little theatre, in the Exposition, he also executed a figure of the dancer herself, in her whirl of draperies, and two nude nymphs who draw aside the curtains of the portal. Of his more serious works, the most notable are a bronze bust of M. J.-K. Huysmans, the novelist, and a very important fountain, a

commission from the State, *L'Effort*, in which a figure of Hercules, of heroic size, extended almost horizontally, sets his shoulders against the rocks on one side, and with his huge feet on the other repulses the mountain and opens a passage for the river Alpheus. The action is very well expressed, the figure of the hero, in lead, with the small, bullet head of the later sculptors somewhat exaggerated, is tense with energy.

The Medaille d'Honneur for sculpture at the Salon of 1900 was awarded to M. Raoul Verlet, for his great fountain group surmounted by a figure of the Garonne and with a double basin decorated with other figures of a somewhat florid and rococo style, the whole intended for the city of Bordeaux. This sculptor has also received a Grand Prix at the Exposition; he is probably best known by his monument to Guy de Maupassant in the Parc Monceau, or rather by the widely-displayed stiff skirt of his *Liseuse*, who extends herself all over the base of the monument in a posture that no self-respecting French demoiselle would think of assuming, and which does not seem to lend itself to the requirements of even modern sculpture.

France is justly proud of the evolution of the medallist's art within her own ateliers during the present century,—not only has it been carried to a perfection unknown elsewhere, but a new development, a new horizon, has been opened to it. Formerly, whether Greek, Roman, or Renaissance, devoted to a formal symbolism, an official commemoration of some great and brilliant personage or event, the medal has become to-day under the skilful hands of the French artists a record of semi-official, of industrial, or even of domestic events and individuals, adding a new grace to the daily life of the age. Those struck during the period preceding the Revolution were of this purely official stamp; with the great overturning of '93 came a fervor of reproducing these permanent commemorations of the great events of the day, with but little consideration for the arts. They were indeed mostly executed by the former *graveurs du Roi*, unsympathetic workmen at the best; among the more

talented of the newer medallists was Augustin Dupré, admired by Roty, and there were others, all haunted, more or less, by the traditions of the eighteenth century. During the First Empire, the art languished under the classic influence, and despite official encouragement and the demand



ALBERT FOURIÉ. A DAUGHTER OF EVE.

on the Mint for medals for Germany and Italy; under the Restoration, the medallists still worked too much as sculptors in little. To Chapu is accorded the honor of first comprehending the true value of the medal; "to him we owe the final evolution of the glyptic art," says Roty. With him commenced the list, not too long, of those names familiar to all,—Chaplain, Roty, Bottée, Patey, Vernon, and Daniel Dupuis, whose recent death, in 1899, was a serious loss to contemporary art. It is to be recorded that both Roty and Dupuis commenced the study of art as painters, and that it is more than possible that much of their peculiar excellence in those qualities in which the medallist's art differs from that

of the sculptor is derived from this peculiarity of their temperament and their training. Dupuis abandoned painting only when he was compelled to abandon the hope of winning the Prix de Rome with his brush, and he was rewarded by receiving it in 1872 for *la gravure en médailles*. Among the painters and sculptors who have practised this art are several of distinction,—Frémiet, Prouvé, Jean Dampt, Victor Peter, Alexandre Charpentier, Raffaëlli, and Chéret. In 1890, it was formally recognized by the Luxembourg, and the cases of medals now exposed in the sculpture galleries are among the most valuable exhibits of the contemporary art. With respect to the reformation of the coinage by the artistic work of these medallists, opinions are still divided,—it is asserted, with some show of reason, that practical and commercial qualities have sometimes been sacrificed in the new coins to purely artistic and decorative considerations. M. Roty has executed a model for the commemorative medal of the Exposition of 1900 which will probably appear before its close.

Any review, however hurried and imperfect, of the art of a given period should take into consideration, as well as the apparent tendencies and the actual production, the appreciation of this production by the contemporary judgment. In this respect, it may be said, that however excellent and admirable the sculpture of France of to-day, it is as nothing compared with the claims made for this sculpture. It is naturally the newer art, both in painting and sculpture, that evokes the rhapsodies; the approved work of the veterans is accepted as worthy without burning fire-works in their honor. But the claims made, indiscriminately, without any distinction between their good work and their bad, for such innovators as Besnard and Rodin, furnish a curious commentary upon the critical judgment of the French public. Even lesser men, as Falguière and Dalou, receive this extravagant laudation, as though it were a patriotic duty to insist upon the supreme preëminence of the national art in every respect. For example, M. Charles Fuinel, after the recent death of the

WILLIAM-ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU

RÉGINA ANGELORUM

FACSIMILE WATER-COLOR



first of these: "Sculptor and painter, Falguière has maintained the lofty traditions which have assured our preponderance in the world and added the simplicity, the clearness, and the strength, which constitute, properly speaking, the French genius, to the classic science of the great models of Greece and of Rome. . . . Less illustrious as painter than as statuary, Falguière has, nevertheless, by these two titles, his place assured in decorative art, and his great compositions bear witness to a marvellous variety in imagination and, at the same time, to a perfect science of execution." It is impossible to claim more for any artist than is asserted by this last phrase,—and in this case it is completely untrue. "If he were not able to realize the *Couronnement décoratif de l'Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile* and thus perpetuate in the eyes of the multitude his European renown, he leaves to the true connoisseurs of art more than one perfect model, and to all the example of a great sureness of taste and of a great nobility of inspiration, whether he rendered mythological art or Christian art." Charles Frémire wrote of him: "*Il tutoie les déesses!* . . . He is the passionate poet of the flesh, the lyric poet of the senses!"

M. Armand Silvestre, in summing up his work,—"always magistral, always equal, always impatiently waited for, always surpassing, by some flash of talent, the most that had been hoped for. . . . This great pagan, this pure heir of the artistic Greek and Latin race, this noble son of the French Rome which he alone would have sufficed to immortalize, remains, in fact, if not the sole representative, at least the only one uncontestedly of that tradition which has given birth to the very finest masterpieces. His secret is very simple. It is the very same as that of the masters whom he equals, and from whom he is yet separated by so many centuries! . . . How completely he possesses it, this glorious ideal of the feminine body which time has respected in the select races, and which constitutes, for every spirit in which the race survives, Beauty. . . . Falguière! Why, it is the Latin soul itself, with its wild love of Beauty, its enthusiasm forever renewed by the clear wine

of the vintages, its forehead forever illumined by a ray of light fallen, not from the dull star which counts our days for us, but from the immortal aureole flaming in the hair of Apollo!" With this specimen of art appreciation may be contrasted that quoted in a previous volume concerning his seated statue of Balzac, to replace Rodin's; the fact that his maquette of his ambitious *Couronnement* for the Arch of Triumph was taken down, that his heroic statue of *Liberté*, or *La Révolution* with the hideous figure of *Ignorance* appearing from behind and plucking at her skirts, was likewise withdrawn from the Panthéon by his appreciative countrymen; the dull realism which characterizes such of his works as the "poet" on Pegasus, Salon of 1897, holding a lyre without strings and pointing at the ceiling, or the ignoble group of the hair-pulling Bacchantes, or the series of high-reliefs for the exterior decoration of the house of Baron Vita, or his eternal motif of a naked cocotte striking an attitude and pulling down the corners of her mouth. Something more than the sculptor's skill in modelling the nude body, the graceful Beaux-Arts study of his early work, the *Vainqueur au Combat de Coqs* in the Luxembourg, the sculptural dignity of his *Saint Vincent de Paul* in the Panthéon, or his *Henri de la Rochejaquelin*, should have proceeded from the *aureole immortelle flamboyant* in the hair of Apollo.

For Rodin, these superlatives mount still higher, if possible. The sculptor's creed is given in his own words by one of his apostles, M. Arsène Alexandre: "I have attained to wisdom and to strength, for I have trained myself to live in a perpetual admiration." "For," says M. Octave Mirbeau, "Rodin has been not only the greatest statuary of his age, he has been one of the thinkers the best informed as to the secrets of the human soul and as to the mysteries of life. Not only does he express the beauty of forms, but he models passion, creates thought. Better than that still,—with the moist clay, with wax, with bronze, and with marble, by sympathetic metaphysical conceptions, he presents to us the great and sorrowful synthesis of the condition of the

mind of our day." And the writer proceeds to describe for us two or three of the master's masterpieces: "*Saint Jean-Baptiste prêchant*: Here, the sculptor breaks away from all tradition, and his art, passionately attached to nature and to humanity, his art, initiator of forms and of attitudes, asserts itself eloquently. His Saint John is such as Gustave



HENRI ZO. AN ACCIDENT.
LOANED BY THE MUSEUM OF SAINT-QUENTIN.

Flaubert would have conceived,—a species of savage anchorite, with a powerful skeleton, fleshless with fatigues and fastings. His flanks are hollow, his loins fall in, the torso of the lean wrestler displays the doleful and twisted frame-work of the body. He walks with great strides, very upright upon his nervous legs and the dry feet which the pebbles and the burning sand of the route have hardened and protected with horn. And, preaching as though it were battle, he makes a violent gesture which distributes anathema. His face is entirely illumined by

a mystical light, his mouth vomits imprecations. . . . This work of a master scarcely attracts any attention. Paris sees it but does not look at it. At London, where it has been exhibited, at least it was discussed." This was written in 1889; to-day, Paris, better instructed, has placed the statue in the Luxembourg. The great stride of the legs, the deformed feet, the "anathema" of the mouth, express the sculptor's conception of the forerunner of the Christ; in his rendering, it is the vigorous anatomical study which asserts itself, and not any spiritual message whatever.

"Shall I speak of the group of the *Bourgeois de Calais?*" continues M. Mirbeau, who is one of Rodin's authorized exponents, and thereby qualified to speak *ex cathedra*. "In order to give an idea of this drama of humanity, with which is combined an admirable historical vision, I should require many pages. Everything is to be studied, retained, admired, in this magnificent work, the most completely beautiful of all French sculpture, by the most original simplicity of the arrangement and by the overflowing life with which it thrills, and the tragic majesty which it expresses. On the public place of the besieged and famished city the six bourgeois have deliberated. They have made the sacrifice of their lives, and they are about to go and deliver themselves to the king of England. It is not any other thing. No complication, no care for scenic grouping and the picturesque; there is no allegory, not one attribute of all those with which the sculptors poor in ideas furnish themselves in order to express the illusion of the idea. Here there are only attitudes, expressions, *des états d'âme*. The bourgeois depart. And the drama shakes you, from your neck to your heels. I am not acquainted, in any art, with an evocation of souls as splendidly grasping and holding. Alone, perhaps, Michelet, that grand reviver of the past, he may have had sometimes these visions which light up the profundities in which sleep the dead centuries." The allusion to Michelet is unfortunate, and the huge group is many "other things" than this. The six figures stand at random, without any apparent reference to each other and without

GUSTAVE SURAND

MASSACRE OF THE BARBARIANS BY THE ELEPHANTS
OF HAMILCAR, *CIRCA* B.C. 239

Loaned by the State

PHOTOGRAVURE



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any central idea or sculptural motive; they are marked by most of the sculptor's mannerisms, the strongly characterized, almost caricatured heads, the enormous and uncouth hands and feet, the wilful emphasizing of details and peculiarities in order to arrive at that exaggeration which is acclaimed as *de la pensée, intensité de vie, and états d'âme*. In its grossness and uneasy forcing of the note, this group is as far from expressing the simple tragic dignity of this particular incident as it is from being "completely beautiful."

Of Rodin's later and minor and more sensational works, beginning with the groups for his *Porte d'Enfer*, it is not possible to quote some of the more intimate descriptions by his most fervent disciples. Rather curiously, an English voice is heard in this chorus, that of Mr. M. H. S. Spielmann, who should know better. "Into these smaller works, whether the 'Dream of Life' or the 'Cupid and Psyche,' the sculptor infuses an astonishing amount of passion and sweetness, and reveals a sensuousness of which no one knowing him only by his Hugo or his Calais monument would believe him capable. Herein he displays hot sympathy with the erotic passion; but he proves a love not less deep for the marble, which he caresses into flesh or flowing hair and even voluptuous movement." Naturally, M. Mirbeau can do better than this. "And, as every one knows, the motifs which here develop and expand have been inspired by the *Inferno* of Dante." This is a flat insult offered to the shade of the poet. "Concerning this imposing undertaking, there has been manifested a veritable agitation, increased to still greater proportions by the sight of certain scattered and disquieting fragments. From time to time, in the *expositions libres* there have appeared little groups, little figures of a strange passion, of a novelty of attitude and expression, of a violent symbolism, which for those with the traditional tastes shocked violently against the stupid and insignificant *pretty*,—a complete world of suffering and of voluptuousness howling under the lash of the lewd passions, rushing desperately at the nothingness of carnal possession,

at the ferocious embraces of damned loves and infamous kisses. The bodies, stamped with the original evil, the evil of living, a prey to the fatality of sorrow, seek each other, pursue each other, clasp each other, penetrate each other,—spasms and bitings,—and fall again exhausted, soiled, vanquished, in that eternal struggle of the human animal against the ideal ungluttable and murderous. That which there is of the most poignant in the figures of Rodin is that, even more than the ferocious battle of the sexes, is in them tragically represented the battle of the souls who struggle under the suffering of the modern negation and the enervating lassitude of aspirations never attained. It is by this that they affect us so violently, it is that we recognize ourselves in them, that we see in them again our disenchantments, and that they are, adopting the fine expression of M. Stéphane Mallarmé, ‘our sorrowful comrades.’”

All these things, pornographic and spiritual, are supposed to be expressed with startling vividness in a series of statuette groups, many of them still in plaster, and in all possible stages of completion, in which the sculptor has allowed himself every license but that of frankness. The “lassitudes of aspirations,” of course, cannot be conveyed very clearly, and the erotic renderings have been restrained by fear of the police. In revenge, he has given free scope to all the mannerisms of his peculiar technique,—the figures thrown together in any possible position for naked bodies to assume, without any consideration for composition, or grace or balance of masses; the embryonic or invisible limbs buried or emerging from the unformed mass around them; the trailing and paralyzed limbs not affected by the vigorous action of other portions of the body; the frequently disproportionate size of hands and feet; the favorite gesture of stretching one arm rigidly at full length, apropos of nothing; the favorite gesture of holding the foot in one hand, for the same reason. It will need all M. Rodin’s talent of technical mastery and subtlety or vividness of expression, as exemplified in his busts and in some of his

figures, to redeem him in the eyes of a discriminating posterity when weighed down with this heavy baggage.

France is an artistic country, and it is quite possible that all this exuberance of description on the part of the writers is but another illustration of the power of imagination and gift of expression to be expected in a people so richly endowed. It needs but the suggestion of a work of art—quality not being important—to set the author afire; the judicious and fitting application of this particular bit of description, thus evolved, to some particular piece of sculpture or painting,—being a more dispassionate and intellectual operation,—is not in his line. Moreover, it must be said that the exceeding range of some of the more distinguished of these French painters and sculptors, the intimate knowledge they display of black evil and white good and all the more or less gray long stretch of country between, is calculated to turn the heads and confuse the eyes of even less feather-brained critics. It is but a natural conclusion to arrive at, that, because the master has certainly at one time produced a masterpiece, the present work before the critic's eyes cannot be so very bad. The master must be right; add to this, that he is a light of the greatest of all possible contemporary schools of art, and also the innumerable personal and social and professional reasons for laudation, and “the intoxication of the exuberance of verbosity,” to quote the immortal phrase of Disraeli, and we have these “somersaults of flip-flaps into the abyss.”

But the psychological problem presented by the artists is not so very extraordinary, the heights of goodness and depths of badness which the plain ordinary man carries latent in his own bosom are sufficiently surprising, as he may find by any cursory inspection, and we have the word of Lord Byron for it that the feminine range is no less than that between Heaven and Hades,—artists, as is well known, having much of the feminine sensitiveness and variety of impression. And also the ethics in this case are complicated by the periods of total incapacity

with which nearly all painters, sculptors, poets, and such folk are afflicted, as is well known, the complete inability at times to distinguish their best work from their worst. Therefore we have in all schools of art these sliding scales of merit, and in the lively French nature they naturally excel in extent. Among the painters, the most striking example is probably that of Besnard, who attains to such supreme excellence at times that his least worthy productions are a very long way below. It is frequently difficult to comprehend his point of view, to understand his mental processes. The famous portrait of Réjane, for example, appears to be an unintelligent exaggeration and caricature of the peculiar, delicate charm which gives the actress her character; every note about her, the height of her eyebrows, her freedom of gesture, the quality of her smile, is forced and coarsened. The beauty of her neck and shoulders, as all the world knows, is one of the most beautiful things in the world; in the painting, this pearly, translucent fairness is misrepresented by yellowish enamels that are not good flesh-painting or anything else of value. It is related that the lady refused to accept the picture when finished, as it was not "serious" enough, to which the artist retorted: "Does she want to be painted *en Sainte Vierge!*"—which was sufficiently *bête*.

Sometimes, as in some of his theatre interiors, Spanish dances, etc., where his warm and glowing color finds a legitimate opportunity, the paintings become wonderfully true in rendering, as well as beautiful in color. In his larger, decorative works the color is frequently cooler, grayer, and very handsome; in the little pavillon of the Union Centrale des Arts Décoratifs, in one of the side-aisles of the Exposition, is shown one of the best of his paintings, and one of the best of the Exposition, or of any modern school. A wonderful, luminous atmospheric quality, a noble expression of beauty and air and space, fills all this great and most dignified composition,—a flowery isle in the foreground peopled with graceful figures, and with a fine decorative tree rising against the breaking

FERNAND CORMON
FUNERAL OF A CHIEF

PHOTOGRAVURE

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sky, on the farther side of the lake are wooded mountains, down the ravine of which the light falls, and illuminates a little, white-walled city at their base. There are suggestions of the lake of Geneva, and of the shores of the Mediterranean, and of Watteau,—the picture has been called the *Débarquement pour Cythère*. In this admirable canvas, conceived in a true inspiration by a fine artist and rendered with extraordinary technical skill in the introduction of the warm tones, French art asserts all her old superiority. This painting, and the beautiful statuette



GUSTAVE POPELIN. FEMME COUCHÉE.
PASTEL. LOANED BY M. L. DUBOIS DE L'ESTANG.

by Jean Dampt, the *Paix au Foyer*, set opposite to it, are much the finest ornaments of the very miscellaneous decorated interior in which the Union Centrale competes with the important exhibits of Germany and England in house arranging and furnishing. M. Besnard's painting is set in a frame designed by the architect of the building, M. Georges Hoent-schel, wood of the Algerian plane-tree, with a heavy cornice carved with motifs suggested by the sweet-brier and the olive, decorating panels.

This contrast between a serenity and elevation of conception and execution and a species of sensationalism worthy of Jean Béraud, is one of those which distinguish this artist. Sometimes his original and varied mind presents itself as working in a strange direction,—as in his

very important series of decorative paintings for the hospice Cazin-Pérochard at Berck. The *sensibilité* of modern art, its peculiar interest in the apparently inevitable human misery in the world, its delight in dwelling upon the sordidness and unloveliness, in this instance, as in some others, seems to combine with a mediæval pleasure in self-torture. To execute this work, we are told, Besnard denied himself all other commissions, lived for four years at Berck, and executed the paintings upon the bare white walls of the hospice entirely at his own cost. M. Frantz Jourdain, who has written a long and sympathetic account of the work, gives this description of the surroundings and of the inmates of this hospital for incurables, which is important as relating to the nature of the decorations of the building:

“In order to be able to comprehend intimately this work as a whole, it is necessary, I believe, to have suffered, it is necessary to have felt in our flesh the shiver of terror congealing the blood in the veins, when we have seen death approaching those whom we love; it is necessary, most specially, to know Berck, that strand of mourning and of hope where are sent to be taken care of—to be cured or to die—the children whom Bright’s disease, scrofula, anæmia, hip-disease, necrosis, tuberculosis, ravage and conduct to the tomb, with all the refinements of lengthening of the Japanese torture.

“When the joyous and the living have all gone, when November has definitely sounded the toll of departure, the effect is most striking. On the shore of the dull-green sea, with its heavy, oily waves, under an immense sky invaded by clouds ensanguined by a sunset without warmth, on the beach of an infinite sadness, a monotonous and naked beach, barring the horizon with its sinister implacability, on this hopeless strand may be seen lengthening out the lamentable procession of the little patients returning in their small carriages to the hospital and the villas. Not a word, not an appeal, not a laugh, not a cry, not even a complaint; suffering is incarnated in these miserable bodies, it no longer

either surprises them or stirs them to revolt, they accept it and dwell with it, vanquished and resigned. From the flinty casques which throw their heads backward and give them the appearance of crusaders emerge the visages pale—oh! how pale—lit up by fixed and deep-set eyes, visages of which the bloodless mouths never smile. Some of them disappear under their bandages, preserving the immobility of corpses in their shrouds;” etc.,—with an amplification of painful detail which does not seem to be in the least necessary, and which is, yet, quite in harmony with his theme and with the conception of the works of art which he is describing. For we shall see in what spirit this artist, who knows so well the joy of living, the pomp of the eye, the elevating and consoling influence of noble and beautiful things constantly before our sight, in what spirit he has set about the “decorating” of this hopeless hospital in a hopeless landscape with its lamentable inmates.

It is this very dreariness, this almost despair, which he has resolved to perpetuate on the walls, so that the patients might have it ever before them; “*cette douleur inéffacable, l'artiste a résolu de la matérialiser, de l'exprimer d'une manière tangible.*” Humanity is represented in its double rôle upon this earth, of suffering and of regeneration, and with all the scenes is associated the figure of Christ, nailed and bleeding on His cross in the scenes of suffering, and arisen, if not consoling, in those of regeneration. There are four of these scenes on each side of the chapel; in all these, the figure of the Saviour is present neither as a reality nor as an apparition; “it is only a symbol, a sort of reflex image of the human conception of the divine martyr, a tangible form furnished in support of the conviction that the Divinity considers us, is concerned about us, is associated with our material life, pities our sorrows, remains beside us.

“And the drama of the earth commences,—from the very birth, suffering brutally asserts its rights, the right of the tyrant over the slave, of the executioner over the victim. By the side of the mother, still

bleeding, the father arises and presents the frail new-born to the Christ, with a gesture of terrified supplication, for he fears the future, the sickness and the death." In the bare little chamber the meagre and wounded figure of the Crucified, nailed on the cross, rears itself at the foot of the bed, reaching to the ceiling; the father, in his shirt-sleeves, lifts the infant above his head to this helpless Saviour, who can move only His pitying head: "Man lives but a little time; from his birth, he is destined to suffering, to sickness, and to death." The second scene is that of "the wicked city, in which man is not the brother of man, and the consequences are: hard labor, poverty, vice, maladies, and deformities;"—under a sky blackened with the smoke of factory chimneys swarms a sordid crowd symbolizing crushing toil, ruined youth, despised old age, venal love, impure fecundity, madness, alcoholism, and murder, and over all leans the Christ on the cross, His eyes raised to heaven and His blood running down His sides and His thighs. The third scene is that of the death-chamber; in the background of the poor room, the father sits doubled up in grief by the side of his dead child; in the foreground, the mourners are forced to leave to hasten to their daily toil, and the Crucified One leans over them as if to drive them out. The fourth presents "the supreme example of sorrow, human and divine": the Virgin at the foot of the cross, with her dead Son on her knees, appearing to three kneeling sable-clad mourners.

But on the right-hand wall of the chapel appear the four scenes symbolizing regeneration and hope, of which the Resurrection of Jesus is the type and the promise. In the first, He is seen in a glory by a group of kneeling women, who stretch out their hands to Him; in the second, Science appears as an associate in this uplifting of the race, vanquishing illness and checking death, the scene being a very realistically rendered operating-room, with the figure of the Saviour rising behind the surgeons. In the third, He appears before the door of a house, while behind Him is the entrance of an orphan asylum; the rays

FERDINAND ROYBET

LA MAIN CHAUDE

—
ETCHED BY EUGÈNE DECISY

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from His side and from His pierced hands touch the hearts of the indifferent, and move them to pity for the indigent and the fatherless. The fourth scene presents "the good city, or the city of the future," its white walls rising beyond the trees of a fertile landscape with angels hovering around the scaffoldings; in the foreground the contented farmer ploughs, and the happy mother looks up to the beneficent Saviour blessing the earth. "The seekers of the ideal of our epoch," says M. Jourdain, "have remained of their own time, as all the true artists have done, and Albert Besnard has carefully avoided entertaining the infantile and unrealizable wish of resuscitating Gothic art. He has rendered the costumes, the visages, the gestures, the expressions, the interiors with which he is acquainted; and the realism of the setting, sufficient for the action, attains to an intensity of impression far otherwise profound, otherwise convincing and overturning, than any skilful imitation of Italian frescoes or the search for a sensitiveness the clever preparation of which makes itself evident. In the Accouchement, in the Death of the Child, in the Operation, in these tragic scenes in which the greater number of us have taken a part, on certain dates graven in our flesh as if by hot irons, the artist has attained the sublime by the simplicity of his means and the absolute contempt for theatrical combinations. Oh! the confusion in the chamber of the dying, the vials of medicine, the glass filled with the last potion, the scattered towels, the curtain lifted in feverish haste, the pillows piled up under the little, thrown-back head, all the distraction of the supreme combat against the Intruder! Oh! the operating-table, the basin, the sponges, the surgeon's case of instruments placed upon a straw-seated stool, the stout Sister, thick-set and attentive, equipped with her great linen apron, the rolled-up shirt-sleeves of the assistant occupied in chloroforming the frail patient, the thoughtful attitude of the surgeon preparing for the celebration of the sacred mass of science,—oh! these minute details, these commonplace arrangements, these minutiae of life, this loyal evocation of modern intimacy, are all far otherwise inspiring

and truly grand than are the turgid and pretentious compositions of those who assume to monopolize the ideal to their own profit by applying the formulas to be found in the Manuel Roret of the complete artist and by the artifice of tears in eyes lifted toward Heaven of the actors concerned only with the effect produced upon the audience."

This iteration of "the implacable laws of existence" on the walls of an institution of this species is scarcely contrived to aid in the regeneration of the hapless inmates there confined, though neither the artist nor the writer is conscious of the tragic misapplication. It does not need much knowledge of human nature, nor of its sensitiveness to unpleasant impressions, to perceive that the painter's parable of "the good city" of the indefinite future will not present itself to these sufferers with anything like the vividness of his death-chamber and his surgeon's table with which they are already only too well acquainted. The text of all this, indeed, and of other manifestations of French art and letters, is that perverted one which M. Jourdain quotes from the emptiness of Alfred de Musset:

*"Les plus désespérés sont les chants les plus beaux,
Et j'en sais d'immortels qui sont de purs sanglots."*

The decoration of the walls of the chapel is completed by gigantic figures of angels in the corners above the windows; by one of the Christ, behind the altar, transfigured and showing in His breast His bleeding heart, while before Him the blood from the throat of the slain Lamb, gasping on the cross, falls, drop by drop, in the chalice held by terrified, adoring seraphim; and by the displayed Gospel in the arch of the vault bearing the commandment: "Love one another." Lower down on the walls is to be painted the Stations of the Cross, also presented almost realistically, following closely the living realities. Madame Besnard has wished to associate herself with this work and to commemorate her own grief as a mother; she has sculptured two figures, of Saint Francis

TONY ROBERT-FLEURY
WASHINGTON LEAVING WHITEHALL FOR
PAULUS HOOK

PHOTOGRAVURE



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HENRY TENRÉ. THE INTRODUCTION.

d'Assisse and of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, and a group in which the Virgin, very like a human mother, stoops pityingly over a kneeling child imprisoned in his stiff frame-work of metal.

Degas is also one of the painters somewhat frantically acclaimed as "modern" and "un-academic;" much is made of the facts that he has no official honors, and refused the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, that the Academicians a few years ago entreated the Minister of the Fine Arts not to purchase any of his works for the Luxembourg. Because he ignores the old-fashioned rules of composition and presents familiar, modern subjects,—race-horses and ballet-dances, laundresses and pedicures,—he is welcomed as one of the representative artists of the day and the age, and as one more triumph over the Académie and the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Any stick will do to beat *those* dogs. The facts seem to be that this painter has a very great respect for both composition and

drawing,—which are sufficiently old-fashioned,—ignoring only the unimportant rules of both and displaying his originality in new combinations, and that his painting is simply very good painting—which, thank the Lord! is old-fashioned enough. To assert that he has revolutionized the latter, is only one of the many empty claims of the rabid Impressionists. In the tempered, beautiful color with which he represents the glare of the opera stage or of the open race-course, there is to be found nothing revolutionary.

Rather curiously, one of the admirers of Degas is Professor Max Liebermann, of Berlin, who considers him one of the great iconoclasts, without, apparently, being able to give any sufficient reasons except the familiar ones: “From far away one can recognize a Degas by the original way in which he cuts Nature. Courageously he shows, here only the head, there only the hind legs, of a race-horse. Suddenly he cuts the podium of a scene with a ’cello, and this with so much feeling of certainty that we think it had to be so and could not be otherwise. Sometimes he puts his horizon quite high up in a picture to be able to show the feet of a ballet-girl—without any consideration for the golden rule, *aurea sestio*.” The most amusing portions of a recent article by him on the French artist are some quotations. Menzel, who despises Degas, when he first saw a fine collection of impressionist paintings, some fifteen years ago, exclaimed: “Did you really give money for that rubbish?” “Old Schadow, who in his time filled a position equivalent to that of Menzel in ours, wrote sixty years ago when Menzel’s book on Frederick the Great first appeared: ‘The scribblings of a certain Menzel are unworthy of the great king.’” Apropos of the necessity of the individuality of the artist,—“Goethe says in his talks with Chancellor von Müller: ‘Nature is a goose—one must make her into something.’” Apropos of the possibility of even an unskilful writer finding something to say,—“I remembered Fontaine’s words: ‘The dullest cow always finds the right grass.’”

EDGARD DE MONTZAIGLE
UNE PARISIENNE : FLEUR DE LUXE

PHOTOGRAVURE

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Jean Veber's talent is thinner, less valuable, while at the same time more imaginative, and he thus becomes a more fitting example of the *fervents de modernité*, of those "exiles of the ideal who wish to enfranchise themselves from the double tutelage of the formula and of the century." He recalls, "not without terror," "the ten years which he might have lost at the Ecole Nationale des Beaux-Arts." This is probably one of those instances in which the Ecole Nationale des Beaux-Arts would have justified itself; it would have corrected the thinness of M. Veber's talent. No well-grounded élève of that institution but would put more *savoir* into his designs than does this artist generally. If he fear that, in the process of acquiring a technique, he would have lost his individuality (and such things have been), it does not become him to rail at the Ecole. In his best works, and notably in his more important paintings, as the *Petite Princesse* and the *Homme aux Poupees*, this sense of something lacking becomes much more attenuated. The little princess, in her gorgeous gown, and the very little page shrinking in terror under her train, might have been much more interesting, but the group of big-headed gnomes that she suddenly comes upon on the twilight hill-side are truly at once grotesque and terrifying. Anything more like the visages seen dimly in an uneasy dream it would be difficult to imagine. Likewise in the large painting illustrating Jean-Louis Renaud's curious little literary study, and which is a serious résumé of his series of illustrations made for the book, the artist has expressed much of the impalpable suggestive interest of the theme. "His mania is different, more mysterious. That which he evokes in these toys of wood and cloth, it is not the past, it is not art, but something more intimate, more chimerical also. That which he seeks, it is an expression of life behind the mutism of their painted faces. That for which he listens, it is the beating of a heart in the depth of the hollow wood. That which distresses him, it is to know whether nothing else emanates from them than their odor of mustiness or of

paste, what is the thought, eternally the same, in which their spirit is buried. . . .

"And, as a result of his searchings, he is convinced that he has discovered a new world, a phase of being extra-human in that which is only a fixedness,—as it were, the crystallization of each phase of our human puppet-show in a humanity of puppets. . . . Every strong appearance, does it not betray a reality? every expression, a sensibility? Every form, is it not a form of life, a form of the soul which matter has taken solely in order to render us sensible of it? Now, all these dolls seem to be something. To seem is to be. Every appearance lives; every expression feels; every look sees, and the gesture speaks even in its immobility.—The gestures, are they not the physiognomy of the thought?—Once divided, exteriorized from him, that parcel of himself which the workman puts in a work subsists and animates the work, takes from that day a special life which classifies it and gives it a rôle in that new world of which it forms a part. In a word, each puppet is a being, a being always alike, imperfectible as much as indefectible, incapable of better or worse, petrified in its actual passion, without past, without future, all in the present, but a being!"

Frequently his themes are grosser, much more tangible, as in his somewhat brutal canvas *L'Or*, a grotesque collection of *culs-de-jatte* hustling together in the gutter in their struggles for a lost pocket-book. Sometimes they are only amusing, as in his *Europa*, a terrified, naked girl on the back of a rearing bull with his great golden crown caught over one horn. In his decorations, his vagaries are sometimes more justifiable, as in his ceiling of the Café Riche, than at others, as in his frieze of the pavilion of the Industries Laitières at the Exposition Universelle. But he may be said to be always sufficiently modern, which is the great thing.

Among these newer men, there are many who make no special pretence of being particularly so, excepting possibly in a certain freshness of

subjects, or greater cleverness of rendering. Among the most talented of these is Rochegrosse, who, however, is already apparently beginning to wane. His first success, a big, upright canvas in which the unfortunate Andromache was represented struggling vigorously in the grasp of some very archaically-helmeted Greek warriors, will still be remembered, but he has not lived up to the promise then made. He has still retained much of his taste for large canvases and for massacre, but these are not very important traits. Of these, the latest is the *Assassinat de l'empereur Geta*, of the Salon of 1899, a sufficiently realistic and plausible rendering of an incident that does not seem to be worth rendering. Nevertheless, it appears this is not realistic enough; "M. Rochegrosse has returned to the arrangements dear to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. The 'Assassination of the Emperor Geta' is of a theatrical disposition of the kind that is beloved on the Quai Malaquais. The actor, Irving, would have perhaps understood it differently. He would have sacrificed the too great number of the *figurants* and brought into evidence the principal group here lost in a corner of shadow of rose lacquer which does not permit us to seize the dramatic interest. M. Rochegrosse has expended in his picture of *L'Assassinat* a science of a designer and a painter which he would have employed better in some of his former compositions. We must be thankful to him, however, for having from an archæological point of view rectified the erroneous accoutrement with which the manufacturers of *Chemins de Croix* furnish their centurions. With regard to the exactitude in the restoration of costumes, our epoch is somewhat less idiotic." As will be seen, there is not much hope for him. His *Chevalier aux Fleurs*, Parsifal, from Wagner's opera, who finds the flowers vivified into beautiful maids on his path, is skied at the Luxembourg and is trifling in invention and very thin and high in color.

MM. Gorguet and Sinibaldi have each won a very desirable reputation as designers; their book illustrations have been distinguished in a period, perhaps now drawing to a close, in which Paris was the centre

of a brilliant school of draftsmen in black and white, by which the publishers profited, and many of the most distinguished of whom, Vierge, Marold, Mucha, Caran d'Ache, Lynch, were foreigners. Sinibaldi's somewhat serious talent and sound training are exemplified in his two important paintings at the Exposition of 1900, the species of nineteenth-century idyl, the *Aurore*, now the property of the Museum of Buda-Pesth, and the *Manon Lescaut*, of the Museum at Amiens. In the latter, the unfortunate heroine lies in the back of the wagon that carries her into disgraceful exile and watches her lover riding sorrowfully behind. Gorguet's talent is livelier and ranges through a somewhat wider field; he, too, has found the possibility of idealizing modern costume, and with a few modifications of the modiste's arrangements converts a modern orchard into a



JEAN-JOSEPH BENJAMIN-CONSTANT. MME. FOURTON.

Jardin des Hespérides. This right feeling for decorative subjects has secured him commissions from the manufactory of the Gobelins, and,

GEORGES CLAIRIN
LA GRANDE VAGUE

PHOTOGRAVURE

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MAURICE FERRARY. LEDA.
POLYCHROME STATUETTE OF MARBLE, IVORY, GOLD, ETC.

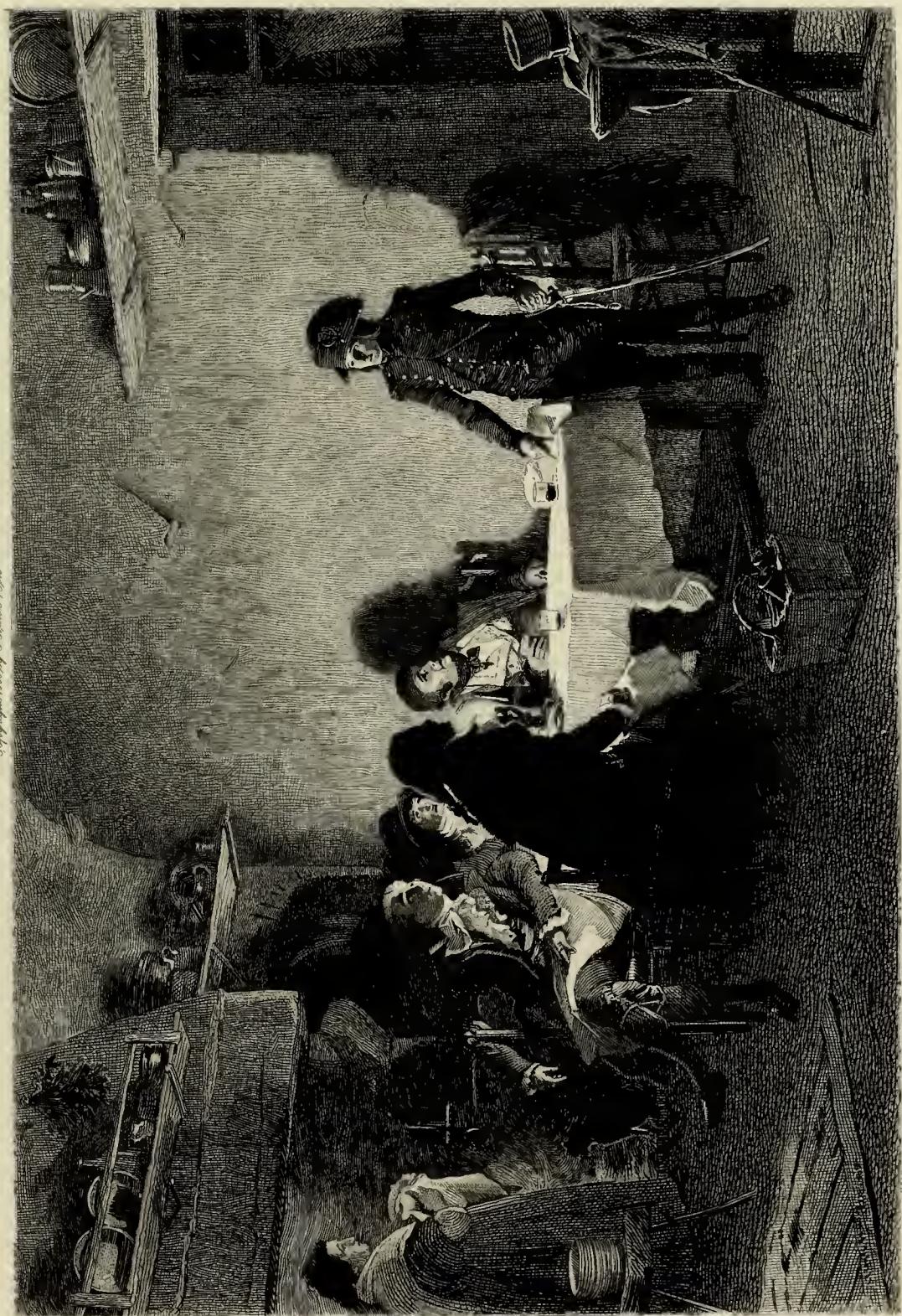
on a somewhat grander scale, for a great mural painting for the newly restored Gothic grande salle of the Hôtel de Ville at Douai,—the *Joyeuse entrée du roi Jean le Bon à Douai*. This last, for the sake of which the painter made a special pilgrimage to Italy and renewed his inspiration at the founts of Benozzo Gozzoli, Pietro della Francesca and Ghirlandajo, appeared at the Salon of 1900,—but with all the inevitable disadvantages of lighting, spacing, and surroundings which attend, in these miscellaneous collections, the exhibition of large wall-paintings destined for a definite *local*.

Antoine Calbet also first made his name known to a considerable portion of the public by his very graceful vignettes for the minute éditions

“Alba Lotus” and “Nymphée,” the original drawings, however, being very many times larger than the engravings on wood, and executed in color with great spirit and knowledge. At the Salon of 1900, and at the Exposition, the draftsman displayed himself a painter of brilliant ability,—his *Baigneuses* at the latter, purchased by the State, being an excellent demonstration of the painter’s skill in translating natural effects of light and color, not by literal copying, but by skilful forcing of the note and transposing and heightening and exaggerating and maintaining a consistent scheme throughout, so that the untutored layman, struck by the vividness and truthfulness of the representation, imagines that the artist has copied every portion of his scene literally and realistically, like a mosaic-worker reproducing his colored cartoon. This painter is not to be confounded with M. Paul Chabas, whose *Joyeux Ebats*, a not dissimilar scene, was one of the successes of the Salon of 1899, the Prix National being voted to him by the Conseil supérieur des Beaux-Arts after he had refused to compete for the Bourses de voyage, or travelling scholarships. Ary Renan, the son of the great Renan, and whose personal deformity was said by the idle and profane to be a judgment on his father for his denial of theological Christianity, died in August, 1900, after having made for himself something of a name both as a painter and a writer. In his literary work, he ranged from an appreciative analysis of the talent of Gustave Moreau to pleas for justice for Dreyfus; in art, he was a pupil of Moreau and of Puvis de Chavannes, and was given to rendering somewhat imaginative, mystical sea-scenes,—Scylla transformed in the midst of the waves; Phalena caressing the sea-gull which swoops toward her; *L’Epave*, in which the wanderer on the beach touches doubtfully with her naked foot the skull in the sand. All these are marked by a certain charm of subdued color and light, a little sense of strangeness. One of Carolus-Duran’s best and most unpretentious canvases, that of the *Poète à la mandoline*, shown at the Exposition, is a portrait of this talented young man.

JEAN LECOMTE DU NOUY
THE "SOUPER" AT BEAUCAIRO, 1793

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ETCHED BY GASTON RODRIGUEZ



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Preachings in art, exhortations to morality in painting and sculpture, it has generally been recognized, shall be received with suspicion, but there have recently appeared in contemporary French painting some indications of a serious and dignified protest against not only wars and battle-pictures, but also against the majesty that doth hedge a king,—even a king like Louis the Fourteenth, who is still one of the greatest of earthly monarchs in the eyes of French historians in these days of the Republic. The horrors of war and the hollowness of the glory of conquerors have, of course, been occasional subjects for the artists in all times; but a somewhat loftier rendering of the theme may be said to characterize occasionally the latest works. A very few years after the Second Empire we find M. Yvon, in a large and dignified canvas, now in the Musée d'Arras, representing *César dévastant le monde*, but in the fine old furnished allegorical manner,—conventional, distressed women and youth under his horse's feet, conventional captives trailing behind him, War, or Slaughter, or Fury, flying over him, sword in hand, sheeted Deaths with their scythes mowing by his side,—which is no longer very convincing. Much later, only about eight years ago, a much more modern man, Pierre Fritel, executed a great canvas of *Les Conquérants*, now in America, conceived in a truly big sense of vision, and which only lacks something to be a very imposing picture indeed. In a vast gray land, without any features whatever excepting an interminable double row of naked corpses, between which the cortége passes, all the great conquerors of the world ride along in state with their banners and lances, Pharaoh and Cæsar and Napoleon and all the others. There are so many of them, and their pomp and pride are so great, that the effect conveyed is not exactly the one intended. Still more recent, and in some ways more acceptable, are two large canvases by MM. Debat-Ponsan and Henri Danger, the latter Prix de Rome in 1887. In the first, of the Salon of 1899, to which the artist has given the title: *Vision : Le Christ sur la montagne*, and taken as his text the commandment from Saint John: "And I say to you to

love one another, even as I have loved you," the Saviour stands in the middle distance on the slope of the mountain, and in the long ditch before Him, stretching away into the obscurity, are the bodies of those who have been put to death for their religious beliefs, of all ages. Opposite Him, drawn up on the other side of the slain, are their murderers, proud and apparently unrepentant,—Louis Quatorze, Charles IX with his arquebus of the Saint Bartholomew, the militant monks, the Pope, seen in profile against the lurid sky, and beyond him the Crusaders, headed by Godefroy de Bouillon and the Lusignans, kings of Jerusalem and Cyprus. Although the light is that of the declining day, it is possibly a little too thin and cold for the most effective reproduction of this vision; and the artist has put so much science of design and composition in the pomp of his kings and priests, that, as has been said, they are all unrepentant. Nevertheless, as was generally acknowledged by the critics at the time, his composition was one of the highest interest, and it came as a great relief after the contemplation of so much of the "cerebral anæmia" of the greater number of Salon painters.

M. Danger's picture, equally important in size, is much simpler in conception and rendered with greater beauty of color and tone, and thereby becomes more effective. In the mellow light of the late day, the grieving Saviour walks over the battle-field strewn with the dead and naked bodies, beautiful black-haired youths fallen around the broken stockade, some of them still clasping their broken weapons or their torn flags, and among them gray-bearded veterans. Here, the painter's excellence of technique comes in to enforce the point of his parable, while in the previous picture the artist, unable to resist the temptation to make his great ones of the earth great, instead of humble and small, thus sacrificed his moral to his composition. M. Danger's canvas is the property of M. Ansbert Labb  , member of the Soci  t   d'Arbitrage entre Nations; and would be a most fitting altar-piece for any chapel or hall in which to assemble another Peace Congress in these modern darkening days of war.

JEAN-JOSEPH BENJAMIN-CONSTANT
PORTRAIT OF H. M. THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND

PHOTOGRAVURE



It is the province of that peculiar public virtue, patriotism, to be in its nature selfish and not concerned with the general good of mankind,—so that its manifestations and demonstrations in any particular nation are apt to leave their neighbors indifferent, or perhaps amused. In this matter, those generally pestilential people, the Socialists, so-called, seem to have caught hold of a truer idea when we find them



JEAN HUGUES. THE MUSE OF THE FOUNTAIN.
MARBLE. LOANED BY THE STATE.

clamoring for international solidarité and protesting against the training and arming of German workmen to fight French workmen, or *vice versa*. But in the general characteristics of national patriotism that of France naturally shares, and consequently its pictorial or sculptural appeals to patriotism. Among the number of contemporary artists who occasionally concern themselves with this theme, one of the best painters is Jean-Joseph Weertz, probably best known to foreigners by his *Mort de Joseph Bara*, in the Luxembourg. Bara, the boy hero of the Revolution, who refused to cry *Vive le Roi!* to save his life and was consequently basely killed by the Chouans, was one of the national heroes much in vogue a few years ago. His tragic death was painted in several manners, he was sculptured lying nude after his murder, and the literary men wrote articles about him. M. Weertz's painting in the Luxembourg is rather theatrical, and consequently not very effective,—in a beautiful new hussar uniform in red and blue, the youthful soldier, grasping the reins of the two horses he holds, is almost lifted from the ground by their frightened rearing behind him, and he thus offers his unprotected chest to the bayonets and scythes of the royalist peasants who rush at him while he continues to shout *Vive la République!*

Somewhat equally unconvincing, at least to foreign eyes, is a more recent canvas by this artist, also of large size and dramatic import, the *Pour l'Humanité, pour la Patrie!* of the Salon of 1895, the cuirassier fallen with his horse in defence of the tricolor at the very foot of the cross of the crucified and bleeding Saviour, who looks down at him compassionately. Behind is an empty plain and a gray and stormy sky. The whole is rendered with a soundness of design and a rich and solid color that give the work a high technical value, but while it emphasizes the waste and dread of war, it can scarcely be accepted as a peace document. Possibly as such, unintentionally, may be considered some of the most sombre and dramatic of those rendering the horrors of war, of which there are a sufficient number. It is to be feared that most of the

painters who occupy themselves with these subjects have no such evangelizing intent. One of the best equipped technically is M. Jules Rouffet, whom we have already seen at the Salon of 1900 with a very spirited and imposing rendering of the splendor of *L'Épopée*. The lack of soundness in his conversion to the tenets of the peace society may be deduced from the fact that this celebration of the Napoleonic epoch comes nine years after his almost equally dramatic rendering of the *Fin de l'épopée*. In the Salon of 1891, he appeared with this immense canvas depicting the fall of the French cuirassiers into the hollow road of Ohain, as related by that reliable historian, Victor Hugo. This terrible incident, of which it would be thought that the romancer's narrative was quite enough, on which no person with ordinary nerves and sensitiveness would wish to dwell a moment longer than was necessary, has, nevertheless, within the last few years, given a subject to two painters, at least, for two immense canvases. The other, by M. Checa, the Spanish artist, is rendered with much less talent than this, and is therefore less effective. But when we consider how keen must be the optical appreciation, at least, of harmony and distinction of color and form in an artist with the technical training of these best French painters, to say nothing of the æsthetic taste which is commonly supposed inevitably to accompany these acquisitions; when we consider the good workman's delight in his tools, the mere pleasure of manipulating and creating with these extraordinary instruments, crayons and pigments, in which lie hidden such potentialities, does it not seem strange and somewhat morbid that the artist should deliberately elect to sup with horrors, day after day, instead of pleasant things? like Rouffet, to depict carefully and appreciatively this ignoble ruin of gallant men and horses in a ditch; like Tattegrain, to paint, the size of life, starving and cannibalistic wretches? In neither of these cases is there any pretence of philanthropic motives, as with the Russian painter, Verestchagin; it is apparently a mere perversion of taste.

M. Rouffet offers a certain explanation of his choice: "That which I wished to present," he says, "is the apotheosis of the terrible, not a mere *dégringolade* in the mud, as the legend has it." Moreover, he has a passion for the horse, and this scene offered him an occasion to depict that animal in the greatest variety of attitudes and with the greatest variety of effects of sunlight upon his coat. After having graduated from his Lycée, he entered the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, but in the section of architecture, his father being a contracting mason and having the usual opinion of fathers concerning the study of painting by his son. But when called upon to fulfil his military duties, the young man found

himself in the second regiment of dragoons, and in his element,—here he set himself at work drawing horse-heads and painting croups in all his leisure moments. In 1885, he entered the atelier of Jean-Paul Laurens, and three years later he exposed at the Salon his first sketch for this painting, which appeared in 1891, and in the execution of which he was encouraged by his master. Victor Hugo's description of this tragedy is sufficiently graphic. When Napoleon decided



HENRI-ÉDOUARD VERNHES. MAGDALENE.
STATUETTE, CIRE DURE.

JEAN-JOSEPH WEERTZ
FOR HUMANITY AND FOR COUNTRY

PHOTOGRAVURE

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to order the charge of the heavy cavalry, he asked the guide standing by his horse whether there were any obstacles in the way; either through ignorance or treachery, the latter replied by a negative shake of the head. This movement of a peasant's head, says Hugo, probably decided the fate of Europe. The cavalry set off; "they were thirty-five hundred strong. They were gigantic men, mounted on colossal horses. . . . The moment was appalling. The ravine was there, yawning, perpendicular, under the hoofs of the horses. The second rank pushed the first into it, and the third pushed in the second. The horses reared, threw themselves backward, fell on their croups, slipped, the four feet in the air, crushing and overthrowing the riders. . . . Nearly a third of the Dubois brigade fell into this abyss. . . ." The painter has presented the scene with sufficient vividness; we may be thankful to him that he has not wished to be too literal.

The passion for these very large and sensational canvases is generally ascribed to the necessity of doing something to attract the wearied eye of the public in the wilderness of the Salon. Some justification of them may be found in the fact that the State does really purchase these big machines very frequently, though it is difficult to conceive their utility in the provincial museums, excepting as an encouragement to the acquisition of technical ability. One of the most striking of these is M. Gustave Surand's rendering of the trampling to death of Hamilcar's barbarian prisoners by his war elephants, as related by Flaubert in *Salammbo*. Given this very unpleasant subject, it must be said that the artist could not well have rendered it with more discretion. First exhibited at the Salon of 1896, it was bought by the Government, and may be seen at the Exposition of 1900. A very much more modern method of selecting an incident of the military drama may be illustrated by Boutigny's *Le Maréchal Lannes à Essling*, in which the ostensible theme is the visit of the Emperor to the dying marshal, but that which really impresses the spectator are the details of the operation just completed,

the neatly bandaged stump, the bandages, the basin, the surgeon complacently wiping his bloody fingers. Here again we have to admire the artist's reticence,—whatever we may think of the theme which he has chosen to present, it cannot be denied that he has displayed very great ability in rendering it.

M. Dawant's very big canvas, the *Mort de Du Couëdic*, illustrates one of the not too numerous French naval victories, and is exceedingly well painted by this very able marine-painter (better known by his *Sauvetage*, the rescue from a steamer in mid-ocean), but the situation has a certain sentimental and theatrical air about it, instead of a fine dramatic and martial one. The great ingenuity and effectiveness with which the artist has arranged his groups in the foreground in shadow, on the deck of the victorious ship, the dying commander carried forward by his sailors and saluted respectfully by the spectators, is embellished by the sunlit view beyond, the great sterns of the frigates carved and gilded and painted rising triumphantly from the still waters of the harbor. According to the official account, from the *Annales Maritimes*, an engagement took place in 1779 between the French frigate *Surveillante* and the English frigate, the *Quebec*; after a combat which lasted for fourteen hours, the *Quebec* was sunk, and the disabled victor towed into the harbor of Brest. Her dying commander was received on the deck of his ship by the Admiral Du Chaffault, the Comte d'Orvillers, lieutenant-general of the troops of the marine, and by the civil authorities of the city, who caused him to be carried on land with the greatest care. At his appearance, all heads were uncovered, and the acclamations broke forth from all the vessels in the harbor and from the crowds assembled on the quais. All this is told by M. Dawant with great simplicity and clearness.

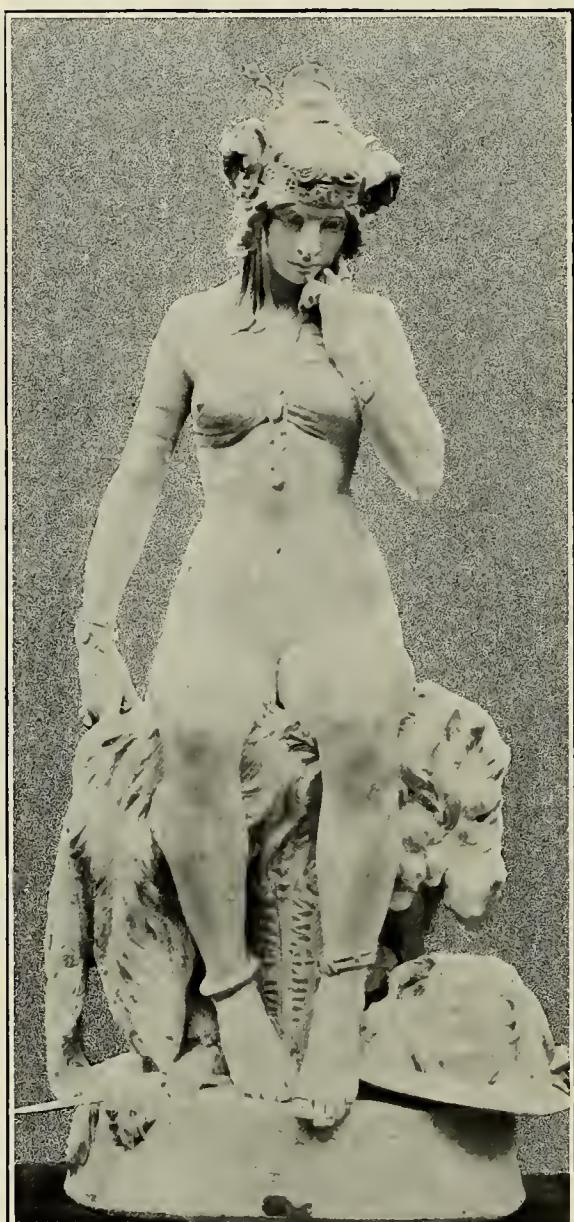
Another of these big and crowded pictures which have been purchased by the State offers the peculiarity of perpetuating a French victory in the interests of the defeated. M. Maurice Orange's long canvas representing the remnant of the heroic garrison of Saragossa, in

1809, marching out of the city after the capitulation, might well have been painted by a Spaniard, and it is comforting to see this recognition of the valor of the vanquished and of the injustice of the cause of the victors without regard to nationality. The picture was first exhibited at the Salon of 1893, and secured the painter a medal of the second class and the Prix de Paris. At the Salon of 1900, he was represented by a much less important work, *Les Corsaires*, the landing, in 1806, of the crew of a returning French vessel of war. Another episode of the Napoleonic wars (it is the Napoleonic wars which are celebrated by French literature and art and the French drama) is presented by Lionel Royer's *Marbaux*, illustrating one of the many incidents in the memoirs of that admirable soldier. It was at the battle of Eylau that one of the infantry regiments of the line, isolated on a hill, was surrounded by the Russians and in imminent danger of destruction. The general to whose staff Marbaux was attached sent aide after aide to the colonel with orders to fall back, but not one of these officers succeeded in reaching the position. Finally, when it came to Marbaux's turn, he resolved to trust entirely to the speed of his horse, and did not even draw his sword, as he had seen all the others do when they started. This horse, as it happened, was a terrible man-eating mare, which recognized only her master and one groom who had secured her respect by adroitly causing her to bury her jaws in a burning hot shoulder of mutton instead of his head; thanks to her swiftness and his own good fortune, the officer succeeded in traversing the enemy's lines and reaching the regiment. But to his orders the colonel replied that the difficulties of the position were such that it was impossible to rejoin the main army, and that the only thing remaining for them was to die where they stood, and he entreated Marbaux to endeavor to save the regimental eagle from the hands of the enemy, and for this purpose the staff of the colors was broken and the heavy gilded eagle taken by the young officer under his cloak. But on his return he was surrounded by the Russians,

wounded and unhorsed, and only came to consciousness again to find himself half-naked in the snow. It is this scene which M. Royer has represented with spirit, and with some touches of his own,—as the pretty vivandière in the corner of the foreground.

That aspect of war in which the victors are seen dividing their booty, generally with a supply of beautiful naked female captives in the foreground, naturally presents a very picturesque subject to the painters.

Of these numerous canvases in the contemporary school, we may cite two, the *Après l'Enlèvement* of M. Ernest Bordes, who gives us some idea of his time and place by introducing on one of his captives the strange wheel-like head-dress of the Elché bust in the Louvre, and *Le Brenn et sa part de butin*, by M. Jamin, Salon of 1893. Which one of the Gaulish chiefs known by the name of Brennus—one of whom took Rome, B.C. 390—this is, does not much matter; he appears in the doorway of the pillaged mansion, grinning appreciatively, as he well may, as he surveys his particular share of the plunder. It is fortunate that the artists are unable to find any such dramatic and paintable



LOUIS CONVERS. SALOME.

ÉMILE-AUGUSTE CAROLUS DURAN
DANAË

PHOTOGRAVURE



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subjects in modern warfare. This particular incident is peculiarly well rendered, in disposition, lighting, and color; better even than this artist generally does. The *Le Brenn* belongs to the Museum of La Rochelle; the State owns his *Cité lacustre*, which is destined for the Sorbonne. In this prehistoric restoration, we see the women and children of the ancient lacustrian tribes sitting and standing on the platforms of their lake habitations, watching eagerly the return of the men in the distance. The artist has long found a congenial field in these very early ages,—not too scientific in his restorations to be picturesque and presentable; at the Salon of 1900, he exhibited a very spirited *Enlèvement*, of a comparatively late period, as the warriors have a canoe, cordage, and very good bows. One of the ravishers has received a fine long arrow in his naked chest and falls backward on the gunwale; another holds his great shield in front of the fair captive as she lies bound in the bow, as the Templar did before Rebecca when he carried her off. The others are making desperate efforts to get their boat into deep water, but the pursuers are swarming down to the beach, and the issue is uncertain.

From all this spirit and freedom from hampering bonds the way is long to such careful and scientifically accurate rendering of the peace manœuvres of modern warfare as M. Berne-Bellecour's, for example; but the new tragedy of the universal arming of the nations is synthesized in Dagnan-Bouveret's *Conscrits* with that higher intelligence which distinguishes the work of this artist. In this not large canvas, which the State has purchased as if for a record of her own burden and fate, the literally realistic is presented with that touch of illumination which makes a work of genius,—the types of the young men are very carefully chosen and admirably presented, they may each be recognized by any one familiar with the middle classes of the French population, the locked arms are in strict accordance with the usual facts, and hence the awkward, drooping hands which are yet so important in the artist's presentation. By this careful grouping, a little lowering of the tone of

his atmosphere, the introduction of the woman and the baby in the cottage door, and the sudden accents of bright color furnished by the flag, the painter gives his subject the necessary pictorial qualities. In this strictly modern theme, rendered with a serious conviction which illuminates and informs his technical skill, the artist, it is generally recognized, has produced one of the most valuable works of art of the day.

As is well known, there is another method of treating the themes of the present day,—which, we are constantly informed, even by French writers on art, we are sorry to say, going as far back as that dealer who succeeded in getting himself accepted as an art critic, Albert Wolff, are those only with which art should concern itself (a theory not to be attributed to the Father of Lies, who is an intelligent fiend, but to some lesser and baser devil):—this other method of painting and carving the contemporary may be defined as the hard and literal, though many of the practitioners thereof are quite convinced that they spiritualize their representations. Among the chief of these is M. Eugène Buland, well known for his representation of fisher folk and others of the humble, and who doubtless considers that he paints the souls of fisher folk as well as the cotton in their ears and the callosities of their hands. He certainly ignores all the tricks of the spiritual painters, the “hieratic gloom” of Millet, and such. In return, in his emphasizing of detail, in his determined characterization, in his conscientious exactitude, and lack of reticence and suppression, he presents us with such hard analysis of his honest sitters, that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish them from the painted and carved Virgins to whom they pray. This is the more to be regretted, as his science is very great, and needs only a little more. On the other hand, and in order that we may know how very difficult it is to paint pictures, there are other painters, M. Granchi-Taylor for example, who have somewhat more consideration for *ensemble* and “atmospheric envelope,” and who, possibly, consequently make their

situations somewhat less dramatic and effective to our eyes. The latter painters are the more numerous.

Fortunately, it is not necessary to decide how much "art" there is in these vivid presentations of present things. There is M. Ferdinand Gueldry, pupil of Gérôme, who paints boating and river scenes with astonishing effectiveness, and which affect us æsthetically just as much as the actual scenes would, and no more. It is probable that it is not necessary that our æsthetic emotions should be exercised all the time. In this artist's lock scene on the river, *L'Eclusée*, the variety and truthfulness of the personages and their equipages, the brilliancy and sparkle of the light, are such that the spectator has an impression of being on the spot and of being interested in the opening of the great gates himself. M. Henri Zo, of Bayonne, transports us to a far different scene, the *Enfermeria* of a bull-ring, in a white, shady passage-way with the details of the incident concealed from us within the darkened doorway. Outside we have a glimpse of the blazing arena, the audience, the dust, and the fighters going back to the combat. From how much weary travelling do the skill and enterprise of these painters save us!

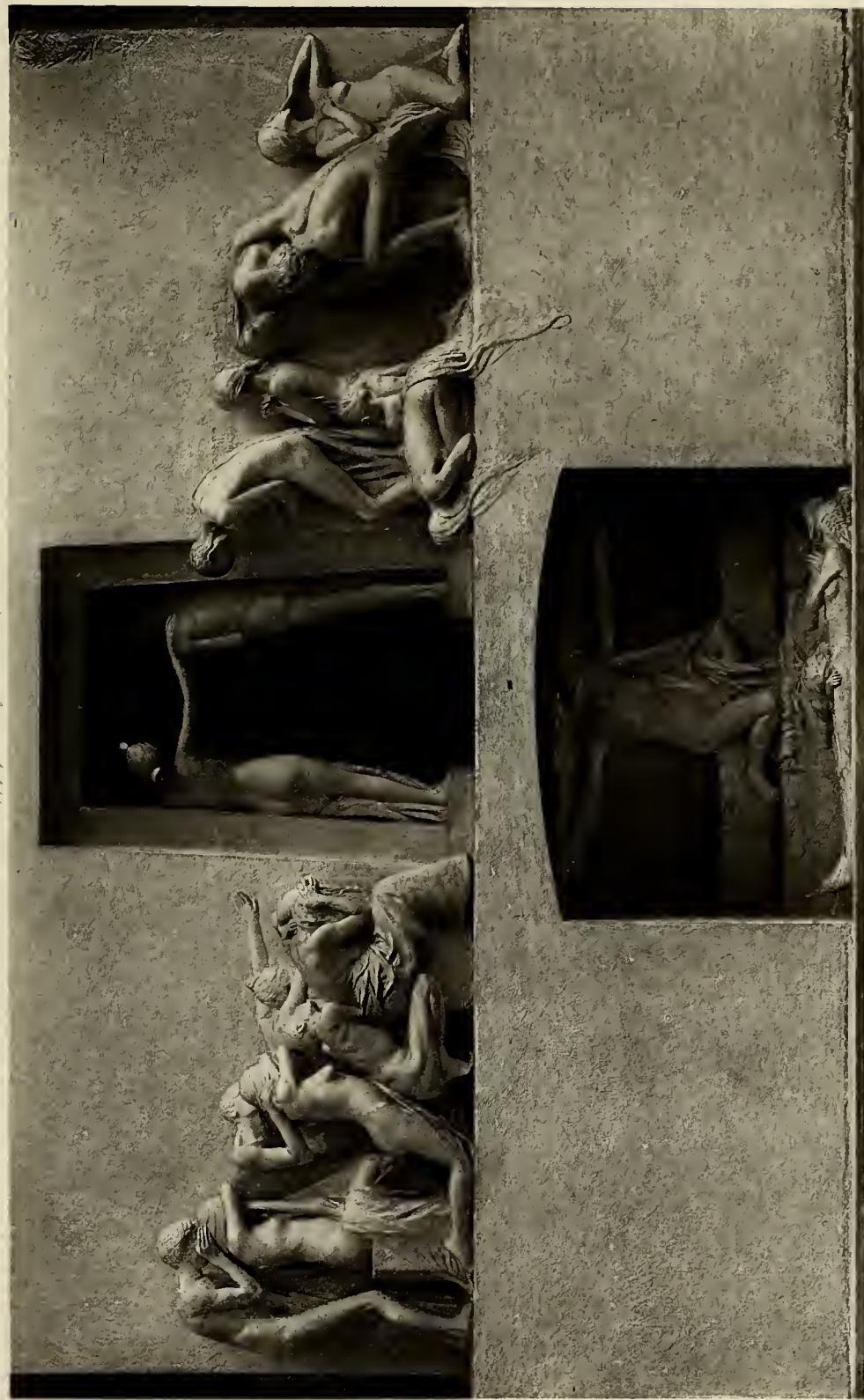
Of the softer and more decorative aspects of modern life, for which so much is dependent upon fair women, the number of painters is very considerable. Prominent among them is Toudouze, Prix de Rome as far back as 1871, and who has, somehow, not fulfilled the promise of his brilliant youth. He is yet a very graceful and accomplished painter, with taste and invention,—as may be seen in his *Octobre*, the little girl perched in the apple-tree, or the prettier *Fleur d'Automne*, another young maid sitting amid the pale blooms of the fall of the year. Pierre Carrier-Belleuse, who perpetuates a name long illustrious in French art, occupies himself principally with pastels, and with the graceful, not too ponderous, subjects suitable to pastel, Pierrots and their loves, ballet-dancers and studies of the nude. M. Etcheverry, in a handsome tall composition, treated with a dignity of design and a charm of color that give great

importance to the every-day subject, paints the *Nounous*, the wet-nurses of luxury, Ariégeoise and Bretonne, sitting in the Luxembourg garden with their small charges. This painting, exposed at the Salon of 1899, was purchased by the State. This artist does not always confine himself to modern subjects,—like some others, he has been interested in the old story of Francesca di Rimini, and has tried to realize the moving scene when, as she afterward told Dante, the book dropped from their fingers,—“in its leaves that day we read no more!” The picture is the property of the city of Lyon. Two or three of the most ingenious of these painters have on various occasions undertaken to present in a tangible form the essence of that complex, fascinating, indescribable being known as “the Parisienne,” and with very varying degrees of success. One of the most successful by far was that of the veteran Belgian painter, Alfred Stevens, a great many years ago,—probably his best picture, for he has never been endowed with much subtlety of imagination. But in this small half-length, beautiful in tone and color, he represented a charming, mysterious feminine person, her face in half shadow and the edges of her tawny hair lit all around, like an aureole, by the light behind her, with a certain naïveté of gesture or expression which deceived no one, and with a great feathery boa around her to add to her furry, feline charm. Among the moderns, Montzaigle has, once or twice, come pretty near to the expression of something, or a good deal, of this *fleur de luxe* of the end of the century,—one of his latest being an upright panel, exhibited at the Salon of 1894, in which the lady, beautifully coated in blue velvet and gray fur, goes softly through the wintry Bois. It is hardly necessary to say that Jean Béraud’s hard and tight little figures in black gowns and high-heeled shoes represent this difficult and elusive sitter not at all.

It is well to distinguish,—not every wearer of Paris gowns and Paris graces is entitled to this title. M. Henry Tenré paints a very graceful and pleasant young woman, with a very fetching summer cap, presenting

ALBERT BARTHOLOMÉ
TO THE DEAD!
Monument loaned by the City of Paris

PHOTOGRAVURE



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two puppies to their elder, in a pleasant summer landscape, but he calls his picture only *La Présentation*. M. Emile Boulard—for the painters range through all grades of society—is still farther away in the mother or



EMMANUEL FRÉMIET. MAN AND BEARS OF THE STONE AGE.
IN HIGH-RELIEF.

the elder sister who presides at his music-lesson, *Au Piano*,—here we have the virtues and the accomplishments, and should be well content. This lady, also, is not on visiting terms with the well-rounded young person whom Madame Maximilienne Guyon paints combing out her blond hair before her mirror. When it comes to the feminine element of the bourgeoisie, the painters are not so numerous, the homely virtues do not attract them unless they are provided with an accent, as it were—hence it is the fine ladies in good apparel and the peasant and fisher women who mostly figure in this contemporary art.

The art of Gustave Moreau is of quite another world than all this, and it is to be hoped that the condition of the finances of the State will be such as to soon permit of the official acceptance and throwing-open to the public of the house of the painter with all its contents, "paintings, designs, cartoons, etc., the work of fifty years," as he said in his will. This he left, including the contents of the apartments of his father and his mother, to the State, or, failing that, to the city of Paris, or to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, or to the Institut (Académie des Beaux-Arts), on condition that the entire collection should be kept together as a record of his life-work. The absence of a provision for certain funds for the maintenance of this museum, it is understood, has so far prevented the State from taking action. A number of the more important and finished paintings are in various museums and private collections,—the Luxembourg, in addition to the well-known oil-painting of the young girl carrying the head of Orpheus on his lyre, from the Salon of 1866, has recently added six smaller paintings, mostly aquarelles, the donation of M. Charles Hayem, and others of still more recent acquisition. This artist cannot be said to have "founded a school," to use the consecrated phrase, notwithstanding the number of his scholars, for his art is too entirely individual and personal to be assimilated by even the most fervent disciple, but he has introduced, if not an entirely new conception, a new variation of the artistic conception, and a new method of expression. According to M. Ary Renan, the two main principles which Moreau recognized in his work were *Le principe de la belle inertie* and *Le principe de la richesse nécessaire*. From the first came necessarily the species of hieratic stillness and solemnity, not only of the figures and the accessories, but also of the lighting and the color; from the second, the abundant riches and complication of the setting of the scene. The critics have been exercising their pedantry in defining the various classes of inspiration which animated his works,—the antique spirit, the fascination of the Orient, the religious spirit, the "cycle of the poet," etc., and even M. Renan seems

disposed to lend himself to these speculations. He, however, asserts that "the art of Gustave Moreau abhors literature, and is filled with repugnance at all the methods which it employs."

The truth seems to be that it was never any one of these at any time, but all of them together, fused into one mystical illumination, and served by a technical skill that in his best works attained almost to a complete means of expression. His Biblical subjects and his classic subjects are rendered with the same indifference to archæology,—*Salomé* dances in an Indian palace and David meditates in a Persian one, both of them freely modified; *Medea* and *Jason* pose, with very little reference to the action of their story, beside a species of Renaissance column. In that greater world of the imagination, there is no confinement to "styles" of furniture. The exceeding care with which the artist worked out his themes and the multitudinous detail of their accessories are evident in the very great number of his drawings, sketches, and studies preserved in his house,—the same subject being frequently treated and finished in several forms,—as the *Salomé* or the *Apparition*. This collection includes no less than seven hundred and ninety-seven paintings, three hundred and forty-nine water-colors, more than seven thousand designs, and twenty-three cartoons. The species of all-comprehensive-ness of his art, the breadth of the field which it covers, may be judged from the efforts of his commentators to designate the artists whose work may be recognized in his,—M. Henri Frantz gives him Carpaccio, Turner, Mantegna, Signorelli, Dürer, Poussin, and Delacroix (with an allusion to Victor Hugo's *Légende des Siècles*); another writer, not content with these, adds Ingres, Giorgione, Blake, Fuseli, and De Loutherbourg, "with occasional reminders of the illuminators of Persia and India." M. Paul Flat, who has written a volume on Moreau's works, finds evidences of Picot, his first master, Delacroix, and, above all, Théodore Chassériau. Certain mannerisms of design, especially in the drawing of the nude figure, and which at times almost completely disappear, mar

the perfection of his technique, which frequently makes use of various methods on the same work, and which is nearly always characterized by beauty and effectiveness of color and by great wealth of detail.

One of his favorite themes, a vision of the submarine world, has been reproduced in a large tapestry of the Gobelins, carefully translated from his cartoon, *La Sirène et le Poète*, and intended for the Musée du Luxembourg. This tapestry, the execution of which the painter supervised with the greatest care, even recommending the employment of a species of *empâtement* which gave a relief to catch the light, is one of a series commenced six years ago to represent the great national manufactory at the Exposition. In these, the modern theories were frankly recognized, the necessity for heightening the tones, for simplifying the modelling, for defining the figures by an outline, so as to combat as effectively as possible the inevitable fading, the degradation of all the tones by the gradual action of light and dust, so noticeable in the old tapestries, and which are no longer thought desirable. Even in the tapestries executed after Le Brun and Boucher, this forcing of the note is carried out, and the large piece from the design by Jean-Paul Laurens, the *Scène de tournoi au XVI Siècle*, already noticed, is considered to be a very successful first effort in this line. Commissions were given to a number of painters, of very varying degrees of talent, Laurens, Moreau, Maignan, Lévy-Dhurmer, Ehrmann, Boutet de Monvel, Rochegrosse, Gorquet, and Chéret, in all of which, it was hoped, the methods adopted would suffice to guarantee these tissues for at least a reasonable length of days against the ravages of the tooth of Time.

In some of them, the new influences, the search for the modern, were not confined to these details of the execution. That by Rochegrosse may serve as an example. This subject, *tout moderne*, *La Conquête de l'Afrique*, is "symbolized by a troop of explorers or of colonial officers, preceded by an allegorical figure, debarking near a village of negroes the inhabitants of which regard the new-comers with surprise

THÉOPHILE BARRAU

SUSANNA

Tinted Marble. Loaned by the State

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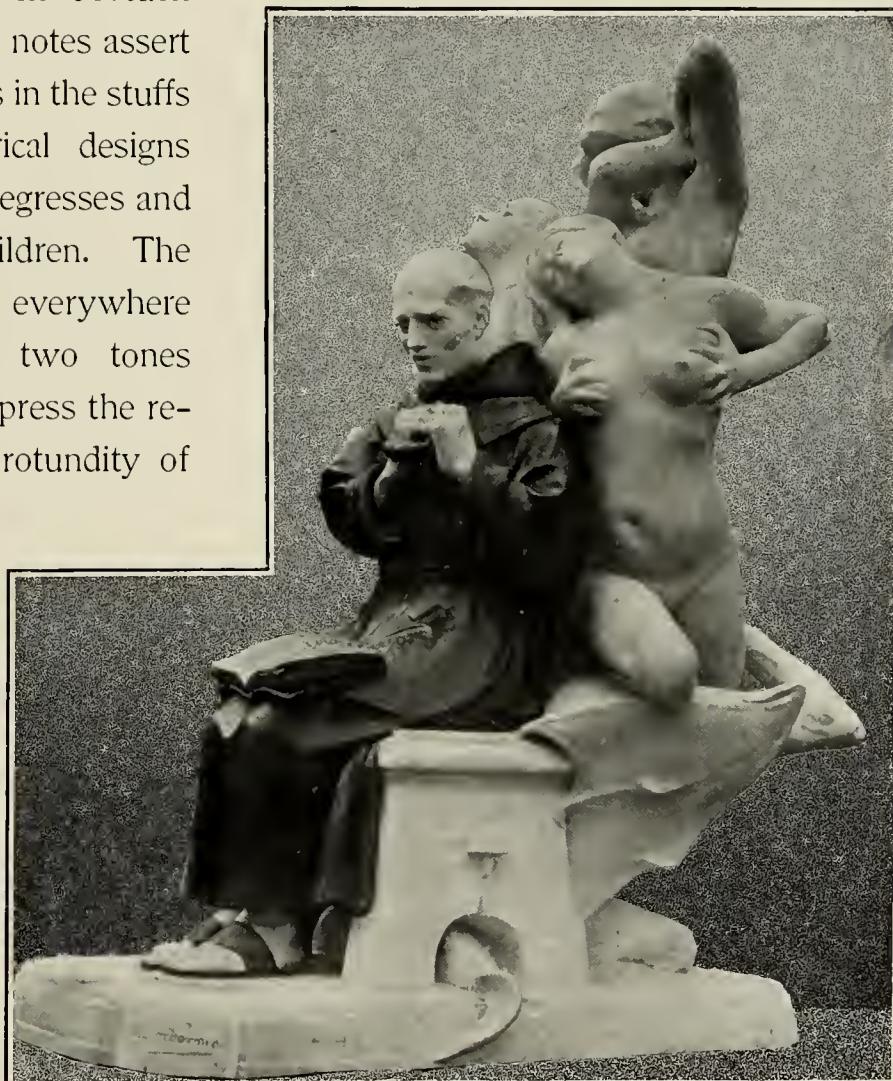
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and fear. All the details are carefully combined to contribute to the expression of the subject,—the black robe of the allegorical figure is decorated with cog-wheels, with electric insulators, symbolizing the scientific character of the advancing civilization. Other electrical machines, steam-engines and telegraphic apparatus, are arranged in the border on a background of conventionalized orchids and incandescent lamps. Here, all the tones are lowered, and the harmonious effect is sought in the combination of pinks and pale-greens. In certain spots the high notes assert themselves, as in the stuffs with geometrical designs worn by the negresses and the negro children. The modelling is everywhere very simple, two tones sufficing to express the relief and the rotundity of the heads.

This tapestry, so modern, so daring in the subject, is not less so in the process and the manner of execution.



ALPHONSE-AMÉDÉE CORDONNIER. OBSESSIONS.
GROUP OF MARBLE AND WOOD.

Perhaps there may be found in it somewhat too much hardihood; but this is only the exaggeration of a quality, and if this work should encounter detractors, it will also certainly find warm partisans."

Ehrmann has long been one of the most useful of the modern school of French decorators, his general knowledge, his early architectural training, his unfailing reliability and good taste, have insured him innumerable commissions for wall-paintings, tapestries, etc., and if he seldom rise to new heights of invention and originality it may be said that but few of his compatriots do. The English, in fact, do not hesitate to assert that their neighbors have quite lost the traditions of decorative art; that they paint very frequently very amusing and interesting pictures for their walls and their hangings, but that they are not "decorative." This is largely true; it is distressing to see many of the colored designs for the Gobelins signed by some of the most illustrious names of the contemporary school; and there are but too many of the most ambitious wall-paintings which are almost equally inappropriate. One of the most courageous of the attempts to break away from this depressing level is that of Boutet de Monvel in the very large and striking wall-painting destined for Jeanne d'Arc's church in her native town, and which has been exhibited in America. In this work, the design of which is reproduced from one of his admirable series of illustrations in color, Joan recognizes the king in his court at Chinon, and while the faces and hands are treated in flat and pale tones, the elaborate patterns and colors of the draperies are very carefully reproduced, and extensive use is made of gold ornament, modelled in relief. The general effect is very rich and imposing, though somewhat illogical and confusing, and has been compared to that vibration which is so disagreeable in the reproductions from nature of the cinematograph. This peculiar technique is but an amplification of that which the artist has employed in his smaller works, illustrations, portraits of children executed in water-colors, etc., and was probably suggested by Japanese prints.

Of these imaginative and decorative painters, far too numerous to be all included in this brief and imperfect record, one of the best-known is Clairin, an artist with a wide range of subjects, who has lately been occupying himself with Egyptian scenes, under Bonaparte and under the present khedives, stretches of gray desert landscape, etc. Of his flights of pure imagination, one of the most striking is the immense canvas which he calls *La Grande Vague*, and in which the personified wave, in the shape of a naked and clamorous goddess, crowned with red seaweed and coral, seems to be rather on the point of being overwhelmed by the *vis motrix*. Also among the elders is Gabriel Ferrier, who is not above appealing to the popular taste with such pretty inventions as the *Ange Gardien*, wings and halo and all, stooping over the sleeping naked infant; and is at the same time capable of such important and brilliant color-studies as the *Fleur de Séral*, exhibited at the Exposition. By the ingenious device of throwing the upper portion of his picture in shadow and by the skilful combination of the reds and pinks and whites of the model's draperies and cushions, he secures a harmony that, if we may believe the travellers, is very far from prevailing in the real seraglios. M. Paul Gervais may be represented by his two large canvases, the *Jugement de Paris* and *La Folie de Titania*,—the latter characterized by an English critic, jealous of his Shakespeare, as “Bottom-like foolery.” It must be confessed that the wit and grace of this rendering are a trifle like that of the Athenian workman's, and that these undraped French ladies do not adequately represent the attendants on Oberon's fairy court,—but we have a new gloss on the Bard of Avon, which is something. Also of that much-painted subject, the Judgment of Paris, this artist has given us a new version, and also a very graceful figure of a youthful Pallas Athena standing in shadow and with a beautiful landscape behind her. The two other goddesses are much less acceptable, and it is to be noticed that the famous golden apple in this case is small and green. However, it was not the apple, but its significance,

which led to the war with Troy. The *Folie de Titania* is the property of the State.

A much more poetical talent is that of Gabriel Guay, chiefly known by his large studies of disconsolate wood-nymphs, Oreades, Dryades, and Hamadryades, and who, notwithstanding a close rendering of nature and a regrettable disposition to dress the hair of his pretty divinities in the present fashion of the day, really succeeds in painting such a theme as a *Poème des Bois*. This he does by right feeling, by a touch of imagination, by good design, and very good color and tone. Notwithstanding their coiffure, and the accurate painting of their white bodies, these personifications of the spirit of the wood do *not* become undressed contemporaries lying in the leaves,—such is the saving grace of art. The slight accent of lassitude and melancholy is also in the antique spirit; the artist has felt the solemnity of the forest. Jules Machard, who usually paints portraits, has also made an excursion into the fields of the imagination and found Eros asleep at the foot of his altar and still discharging his fatal arrows even in his dreams. This is a pretty conceit, and one which should inspire all young maids with due caution concerning this Bowman. For a later legend, we have that mediæval one of Kerdeck, in Brittany, which M. Le Quesne has painted the size of life and sold to the State, it now forming part of the collection of the Museum of Agen. The young and handsome Ivan, king of the Binious, disappeared at the close of a fête-day and was never seen again, and it was darkly hinted that he had been seen in the twilight beguiled by the mermaids or the ocean nymphs into the sea. Of these painters of the nude, even of those who paint the nude well, there are a great many, one of the most industrious being Albert Aublet, who commenced, a good many years ago, with very different themes,—one of his first successes being the *Lavabo des reservistes*, the immense trough in which all the recruits wash their morning faces, with much variety and energy, and outlay of soapsuds. Then he painted interiors, and graceful young women in-doors and out;

F. R. LARCHE

THE TEMPEST

Group in Bronze. Loaned by the City of Paris

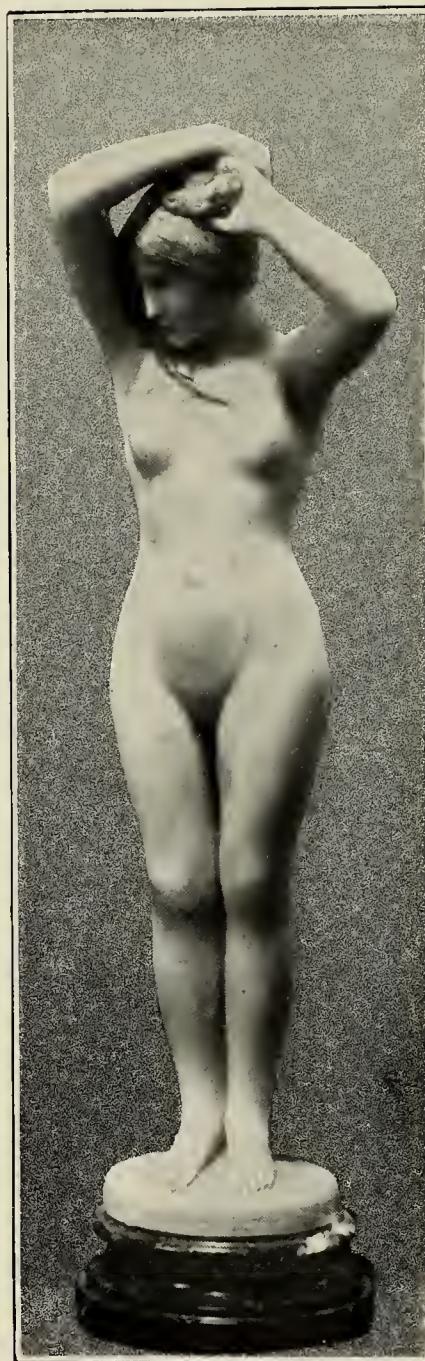
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then he devoted himself to sea-side scenes for a while, and is now apparently mostly occupied in endeavoring to render white and youthful flesh in various *plein-air* situations. In this he is aided by much experience and skill, and a generally graceful design.

At the Salon of 1900, the Médaille d'Honneur in painting was awarded to Ferdinand Humbert for his portrait group of a youthful brother and sister in a park, and probably also in part for his nearly completed decorations in the left transept of the Panthéon. These latter are indeed much better than the artist's usual work, with a general design so good that he has been accused of borrowing from Puvis, his neighbor, but with a good, warm, truly decorative color that is quite his own. This is the more surprising, as some of his other decorative work, as the triptych of the *Marie-Madeleine*, half nude, and holding the dead Christ on her knees (Salon of 1899), is scarcely remarkable, and his usual portraits of ladies and children are not remarkable at all in the general run of good portraiture of the day. One of his contemporaries is Moreau-Néret, who at the Salon of 1899 received a third-class medal for his *Harmonie d'Automne*, a handsome, upright



HENRI-ÉDOUARD VERNHES. MORNING.
STATUETTE, CIRE DURE.

canvas in which some ladies sit in a row in a thin, pale sunlight and listen to another playing a harp under a tree, whilst a great white peacock occupies the foreground. M. Maxence, pupil of Delaunay and Gustave Moreau, enjoys the distinction of having a technique quite his own,—the heads in his strange little procession bearing the *Fleurs du Lac* are painted with an excess of detail that recalls the famous portrait of the German artist in the Uffizi at Florence, with a rendering of separate eyelashes and almost of pores in the skin that yet, strangely, does not injure the general effect. The work is characterized, moreover, by a certain quality and harmony of tone and expression that give it value, and the painter received a gold medal from the Exposition Jury. Among the vagaries of these imaginative painters may be mentioned that of representing Don Juan crossing the Styx in Charon's boat and beset by the innumerable naked souls of his victims. It would scarcely be thought that this grotesque subject would furnish occasion for two immense canvases, but such is the fact, the latest being M. Jean-Baptiste Duffaud's, who violates his mythology still more by whelming the poor souls in the river. The hero, of course, is represented as impassive and unrepentant,—that being the Don Juan of modern art, whatever the original legend may have intended him to represent.

Among the older men is Henri Motte, whose work ranges from water-colors representing Biblical and antique subjects through serious historical paintings and mural decorations to the painting and gilding of the colossal figures on the immense sphere of the *Globe Céleste* at the Exposition of 1900. At this exhibition, his historical canvas represented the interior of the carriage in which Louis XVI was conveyed to execution at the moment when it arrived at the fatal Place. The king is seen reading quietly in his breviary with his hand laid encouragingly on the knee of the Abbé Edgeworth, who is praying fervently beside him; the two gendarmes opposite sit upright and respectful. Lecomte du Nouy, equally well known, has in his later works been occupied by the

Napoleonic legend; at the Salon of 1894, his *Souper de Beaucaire*, in which the young lieutenant of artillery reveals the first intimations of his genius to his inn companions, was accepted as one of the notable pictures of the year. In simplicity and effectiveness of conception and execution, composition, design and lighting, it would indeed be difficult to surpass this excellent example of the historical genre.

One of the older men whose sane and tempered art has no particularly inspired message to deliver to a waiting world, is Lhermitte, who devotes his brush mostly to the life of the poor and the laborious, but without any "cry of the Earth" to preach, as did Millet supposedly, or any ugly gospel of discontent, as do some of the modern painters, French and Fleming. Indeed, it must seem to some of the more intense of these younger men, as, e.g., Louis Legrand,—who has been called a "Primitive of the nineteenth century," and whose undoubted talent frequently produces works scarcely admissible into polite society,—that M. Lhermitte's paintings have no particular reason for being. Why produce on canvas these *moissonneurs* and *faucheurs*, nearly the size of life, with their surroundings, their great scythes, their hay-fields, their frugal repasts, to proclaim neither the beauty of labor and humility, nor revolt, nor, in fact, anything? The *naturalisme mystique* is the only one that need concern an artist, and M. Lhermitte's paintings have none of it, or, at least, very little. This is true, and in spite of the imposing size of his canvases, and a certain largeness and dignity of *facture*, of presenting his subjects, they are not of those which impress. Bastien-Lepage's dull and wide-eyed peasant-girl, in his famous *Les Fois*, in the Luxembourg, seated on the hay and staring stupidly at nothing by the side of her sleeping companion, or the smallest group of Millet's "sacerdotal laborers" shrouded in hieratic gloom, linger in the memory longer than all Lhermitte's great canvases.

Demont (Adrien-Louis), as a painter whose ambitious and unquiet search for new themes in which to find new forms of expression

contrasts curiously with technical assurance and perfection in his completed paintings, is worthy of a paragraph to himself. His color ranges from the very beautiful early twilight effect of the picture exhibited some years ago of the Virgin's garden, a great bed of white lilies in the foreground gleaming softly in the failing light with the most tender and pearly hues, to the great, gray, rocky, and hopeless landscape of Hades of his *Danaïdes*. Across this dreary scene the hopeless daughters of Danaüs toil with their jars, carrying water to the great cistern on the edge of the cliff, and from the broken bottom of which it forever drips away, reddened by the flames of the waves of the river Phlegethon. In the *Terre Promise*, he shows the view which Moses had from the top of his mountain, of the land which he might view but never tread; in the *Hymne au Soleil*, he renders very skilfully the curious effect of the golden rays of the rising sun piercing the air over the modulations of the ground, almost like tangible shafts; and in his *Epaves* and the *Nuée*, we have long stretches of sea-shore or plain with wonderful, troubled skies above, gray and sombre or piled up red and orange. Of all the modern landscape-painters, and they are both numerous and excellent, there are none who in these qualities can excel this one.



EUGÈNE ROBERT. AWAKENING OF THE ABANDONED.



EDGARD-HENRI-MARIE MAXENCE. FLOWERS OF THE LAKE.

TABLE OF ENGRAVINGS

FULL PAGE

	PAGE
BARRAU, THÉOPHILE <i>Susanna.</i> Sculpture	86
BARIAS, ERNEST-LOUIS <i>Nature Unveiling.</i> Etched in four plates by Auguste-G. Thévenin <i>Fronts.</i>	
BARTHOLOMÉ, ALBERT <i>To the Dead!</i> Sculpture	82
BENJAMIN-CONSTANT, JEAN-JOSEPH . . . <i>Portrait of H. M. the Queen of England</i>	70
BÉRAUD, JEAN <i>Magdalen at the Pharisee's</i>	24
BOUGUEREAU, WILLIAM-ADOLPHE . . . <i>Regina Angelorum</i>	44
BOUTIGNY, ÉMILE <i>Marshal Lannes at Essling, May, 1809</i>	28
CAROLUS-DURAN, ÉMILE-AUGUSTE . . . <i>Danaë</i>	78
CLARIN, GEORGES <i>La Grande Vague</i>	66
	93

TABLE OF ENGRAVINGS

	PAGE
CORMON, FERNAND <i>Funeral of a Chief</i>	50
DAWANT, ALBERT-PIERRE <i>The Death of Du Couëdic, 1779</i>	8
DU NOUY, JEAN LECOMTE <i>The "Souper" at Beaucaire, 1793.</i> Etched by Gaston Rodriguez	60
LARCHE, F. R. <i>The Tempest.</i> Sculpture	90
LE QUESNE, FERNAND <i>The Legend of the Kerdeck</i>	20
LUNOIS, ALEXANDRE <i>Spanish Danseuses Dressing</i>	12
MAIGNAN, ALBERT-PIERRE-RENÉ <i>Fortune Passing</i>	36
MONTZAIGLE, EDGARD DE <i>Une Parisienne: Fleur de Luxe</i>	62
ORANGE, MAURICE-HENRI <i>The Defenders of Saragossa, 1808-1809</i>	40
RENAN, ARY <i>Flotsam</i>	32
ROBERT-FLEURY, TONY <i>Washington Leaving Whitehall for Paulus Hook</i> .	56
ROLL, ALFRED-PHILIPPE <i>The Czar Laying the Foundation-stone of the Pont Alexandre III</i>	3
ROYBET, FERDINAND <i>La Main Chaude.</i> Etched by Eugène Decisy .	54
SURAND, GUSTAVE <i>Massacre of the Barbarians by the Elephants of Hamilcar, Circa B.C. 239</i>	48
TATTEGRAIN, FRANCIS <i>Useless Mouths: Siege of the Château Gail- lard, 1203</i>	16
WEERTZ, JEAN-JOSEPH <i>For Humanity and for Country</i>	74

TEXTUAL ENGRAVINGS

	PAGE
BENJAMIN-CONSTANT, JEAN-JOSEPH . . <i>Mme. Fourton</i>	64
BERNE-BELLECOUR, ÉTIENNE-PROSPER . . <i>Artillery Manœuvres</i>	39
CALBET, ANTOINE <i>The Bathers</i>	11
CONVERS, LOUIS <i>Salome.</i> Sculpture	76
CORDONNIER, ALPHONSE-AMÉDÉE . . <i>Obsessions.</i> Sculpture	85
COURTOIS, GUSTAVE <i>Love at the Feast</i>	3
FERRARY, MAURICE <i>Leda.</i> Sculpture	65
FOURIÉ, ALBERT <i>A Daughter of Eve</i>	43

TABLE OF ENGRAVINGS

95

	PAGE
FRÉMIET, EMMANUEL <i>Man and Bears of the Stone Age.</i> Sculpture .	81
GANDARA, ANTONIO DE LA <i>The Lady of the Rose</i>	31
GOSELIN, ALBERT <i>Edge of the Pond, Sunset</i>	35
GRANCHI-TAYLOR, ACHILLE <i>Lesson in Repairing Creels</i>	19
GUELDRY, FERDINAND-JOSEPH <i>The Lock</i>	15
HUGUES, JEAN <i>The Muse of the Fountain.</i> Sculpture	69
MAXENCE, EDGARD-HENRI-MARIE <i>Flowers of the Lake</i>	93
MÉNARD, ÉMILE-RENÉ <i>Evening</i>	27
POPELIN, GUSTAVE <i>Femme Couchee</i>	53
ROBERT, EUGÈNE <i>Awakening of the Abandoned</i>	92
ROBERT-FLEURY, TONY <i>A Requisition in the Reign of Terror</i>	7
ROUFFET, JULES <i>End of the Epic</i>	23
SCHNEGG, GASTON <i>Saint Cecilia.</i> Sculpture	1
TENRÉ, HENRY <i>The Introduction</i>	59
VERNHES, HENRI-ÉDOUARD <i>Magdalene.</i> Sculpture	72
VERNHES, HENRI-ÉDOUARD <i>Morning.</i> Sculpture	89
ZO, HENRI <i>An Accident</i>	47





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